All Clear—"TripleX" Safety Glass

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 27, 1940
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."
1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLX No. 2088 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 27 1940

ROSS'S BELFAST
Lime Juice Cordial
A cool, clean drink—
blends perfectly with gin.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES
DE RESZKE —*of course!*

THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
The "Arethusa" is still helping poor boys to become good sailors. | Many "Arethusa" boys are now officers in the Royal and Merchant Navies.
DONATIONS & LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED
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THE GREAT 'IRON RATION' OF 2 WARS
Brand's Essence is the most successful non-alcoholic stimulant for combating nervous and physical exhaustion produced by war strain.
BRAND'S CHICKEN OR BEEF **ESSENCE**
USE IT YOURSELF—SEND IT TO FRIENDS IN THE B.E.F.
From all chemists, in tins and jars.

THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE FINEST LIQUEUR INDISPENSABLE IN COCKTAILS

Happier Children . . .
Children saved from unhappiness by the N.S.P.C.C. number over 5,000,000 since this National Voluntary Society was founded in 1884.
Please Help this great work for the Nation's Children which exerts a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral and mental welfare of the young.
N·S·P·C·C
★
Gifts will be welcomed by Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
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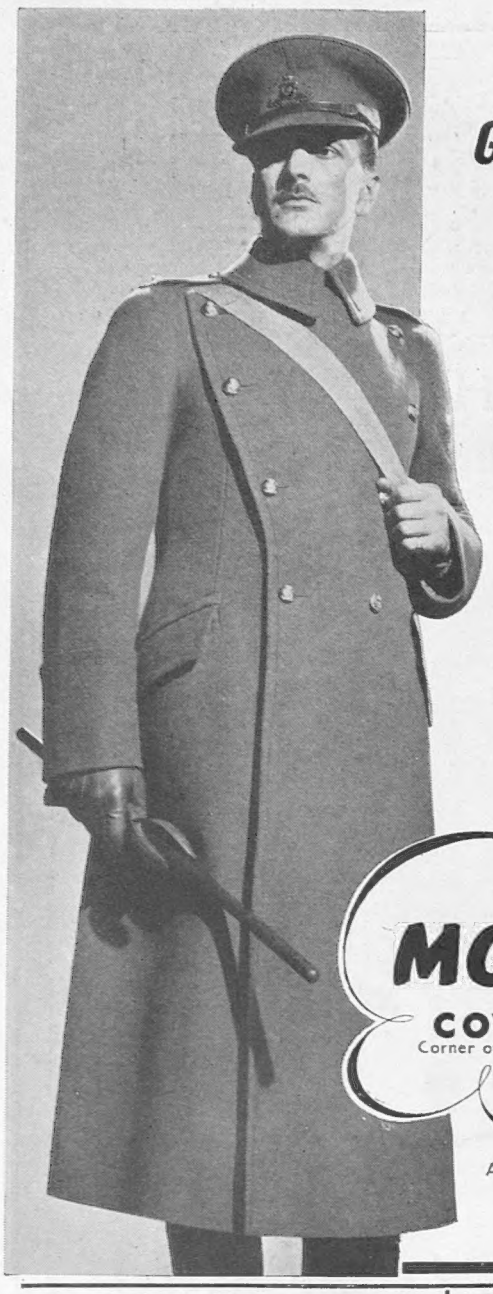

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REGULATION
GREATCOATS
for All the SERVICES

can be obtained at MOSS BROS. ready for immediate wear (or made to measure in 36 hours). BRITISH WARMS and all UNIFORMS are also ready for instant wear.

MOSS BROS. have such a large and comprehensive stock of Equipment that Officers can be completely outfitted in one visit.

POST ORDERS will be fulfilled and goods dispatched without delay.

MOSS BROS
& CO. LTD.
COVENT GARDEN
Corner of KING ST. and BEDFORD ST., W.C.2.
TEMple Bar 4477
(12 lines)

Also at
5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester 2
76, Park Street, Bristol 1
and 29, London Road, Camberley.

The drawing on the left is a reproduction of the original advertisement for 'Viyella' Khaki Shirts published during the Great War.

The Mills that make 'Viyella' were established a generation before Waterloo was fought.

'VIYELLA'
for service

As in the Great War, so now—'Viyella' Khaki Shirts are winning fresh distinction daily. They are guaranteed not to shrink or fade and to withstand the harshest wash and wear. Nor are they expensive, for they repay their cost with interest in long and faithful service.

'Viyella'
KHAKI SHIRTS 15/-
(OR WITH TWO COLLARS 18/6)
EQUALLY GOOD—'VIYELLA' KHAKI SOCKS 2/6 A PAIR

TO AVOID
Pain and discomfort
AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread mealtimes, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?
If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA
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TABLETS
SLIP A 6D. BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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Chairman: THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS
December 31, 1939

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	497,701,601
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	7,753,907
Engagements	9,693,446
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	57,741,467
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	21,438,321
Money at Call and Short Notice	26,328,499
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £46,214,794)	65,947,653
Investments	114,455,271
Advances and other Accounts	220,689,155
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc.	17,447,353
Bank Premises	9,631,542
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Shares in Affiliated Companies: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.; The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.; North of Scotland Bank Ltd.; Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	8,101,423

A copy of a 32-page illustrated book entitled "THE SERVICE OF THE MIDLAND BANK" may be obtained, on personal or written application, at any branch in England and Wales, or at the

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

BREATHING VAPEX STOPS COLDS

Attack the cold-cause successfully and miserable effects cease. Vapex does it—safely, sensibly. A drop on your handkerchief . . . deep-breathe the powerful, pleasant antiseptic vapour . . . cold-germs in all parts of nose and throat are destroyed—your head cleared, stuffiness relieved, congestion broken up. Symptoms are soon gone entirely . . . along with germs, cause of all the trouble!

From your Chemist, 2/- and 3/-
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.
V195

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 27, 1940

WITH SNOW ON HER WINGS, A GIANT FLYING-BOAT IS TOWED ASHORE

Her Stern Guns Thrust Militantly Upwards

The giant flying-boats of the R.A.F. Coastal Command (recently described in "The Sphere") have completed 5,000,000 miles in their task of watching over British shipping since the war began. Some idea of their ceaseless watch can be judged by the fact that not one ship has been lost in a convoy under their care. The big Sunderland four-engined flying-boats meet the convoys when they are still far from British shores and during their constant watch the whole service have sighted and attacked over 100 U-boats. This picture was taken with the permission of the R.A.F. during one of their coastal defence patrols in flying-boats attached to a west coast station. It shows the rear armament in detail, and as clearly indicates the rough weather these boats encounter from time to time

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

THE QUEEN'S JAUNTY FEATHER HAT FASHION

Her Majesty wore a striking new hat fashion of distinctive Scottish military note when she, in company with the King, inspected Scottish regiments at a depot "Somewhere in England" a few days ago. The Queen was obviously in a merry mood when this delightful record was obtained

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. XXI

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, January 24, 1940

NEUTRALS AND PEACE.

—I have of late received so many letters from correspondents expressing approval of various points which I have tried to set forth fairly that it is beyond my power to answer them individually. I offer to them all my thanks for their interest and for their backing, both of which are encouraging to one who, seeing through a glass darkly, is yet compelled every week to sketch a view of the immediate foreground. Several correspondents have asked me to restate a recent view expressed on the difficult question of neutrals in their attitude to the war and to the peace. That I have tried to do. In this fog of uncertainty an "amateur" is as likely to hit the bull as a professional marksman. Once or twice of late I have tried to explain a theory which I hold to be vitally true and in which I believe fiercely and honestly. If there be anything in the theories of propaganda it is right to hammer on at it at the risk of being a bore.

THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

—Every week shows more clearly the bestiality and the futility of this particular war, and of war at all times. Belligerents and neutrals alike are all being hard hit and are heading for ruin—economic, financial and, I think, moral. The most innocent of neutrals and peace-lovers are being ruined by the need to defend themselves against unprovoked assault, if not against aggression in being. World trade is declining; taxation rising ever higher. Bitterness and hatred and suspicion grow every hour. Neutral shipping suffers precisely as severely as belligerent shipping. The struggle is a struggle for the liberty of small nations and for the sanctity of international and moral obligations. A majority of the civilised world holds the ring while this issue is being decided by four or five nations. And, if they are not content to watch the slow stages of the fight, they are at least determined not to throw a leg over the ropes. But they are bitterly concerned with the issue and the aftermath. If from this struggle a permanent settlement of Europe does not emerge on lines more Christian and less national, then they agree that for all the nations our civilisation is doomed and chaos must come. The point that pierces me in the eye is this: If this struggle, ever intensifying in bitterness, between the champions of good and evil, is suffered to continue to a clear decision, what hope can there be that at the end the spirit of the victors will be so little tinged with bitterness, their minds so cool and clear-sighted, that they will either themselves arrange, or stand aside and let neutrals arrange, a settlement of Europe on a basis which will neither humiliate the vanquished nor "favour" the victors but will be an international healing of the sores and grievances of all nations on Christian principles of co-operation and sharing of the world's resources? Every lesson of history, *everything* we know of human nature, convince us that such a possibility is moonshine. The spirit which after the last war created the revenge clauses of Versailles, which prolonged the absurd idea that Germany could and must pay, which prevented general disarmament, was a spirit as inevitable, after the barbarisms committed by Germany over four years, as is the spirit of anger and outrage felt by a man suddenly punched on the nose without provocation by his neighbour in a bus. He hits back and as long as men are men, he will continue to hit back, to get his revenge. We may not approve, but we accept his reaction as natural and, on the whole, just. What madness induces statesmen in neutral countries to-day to believe that, now at last, at this bloody and bestial juncture, human nature has altered for the better and that, when this frightful struggle has gone to all lengths in ruthlessness and poison and the combatants are bled white, *their* statesmen will be inspired with calm judgment, charity and Christianity? It is the thinnest moonshine; it is midsummer madness.

NOW OR NEVER.

—There is in short no hope at all for permanent peace in Europe or the saving of civilisation unless the watchers at the ring-side realise that the bell has struck for them already, and that now or never is the time for them to do their bit—not with arms but with the organisation of mass-opinion—to end this monstrous thing which is smashing up our civilisation. Every month will increase their difficulties, as the spirit of the combatants grows more bitter and inflexible. Hitler by his ruthless decisions, Goebbels by his propaganda methods, are steadily forging the strongest weapons for self-destruction. To hesitate, to await a more suitable juncture, such delays are death to the hopes that exist. It is *not* impossible, and it is still not too late, so to organise neutral opinion that the whole watching world, forgetting individual nationalism, could present to the combatants an argument for an immediate armistice and world conference which neither side would find it easy to reject, which in the face of world opinion, neither side would dare to resist. There are no neutrals, worthy of consideration, who (now in January, 1940) contemplate an ultimate settlement which disregards the claims of outraged small states to reparation, or do not insist on a complete guarantee for the future against methods of piracy by individual governments. There are none which at heart do not accept that Britain and France could not choose but take up the grievous challenge and spend themselves in the crusade. Those points, the very points for which we are fighting, are accepted *to-day* by every neutral which contemplates taking a hand in the ultimate settlement. And that being so, what reasoning can justify delaying the attempt, that must grow harder with every month of the war, which alone can save civilisation and make possible a lasting peace? I say it again, for neutrals it is now or never, if they are to play their fit and necessary part in a permanent settlement. If they delay, the bitter spirit of the combatants will once more stand in the way of a lasting peace. Mass opinion of neutrals, if organised to-day, can yet save civilisation.

GERMAN MINISTERS IN NEUTRAL STATES.

—The relations between the representatives of belligerent states in neutral countries

FRANCE'S FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS VISIT BRITAIN

A party of well-known French war correspondents who are attached to the B.E.F. arrived in London a few days ago as the guests of the Ministry of Information. They are making a tour, arranged in co-operation with the War Office, the Admiralty, the Air Ministry, and the Ministry of Supply. The object of their tour is to present to France the magnitude of Britain's war effort. The picture reproduced above was taken at the inaugural luncheon at the Dorchester Hotel. Reading round the table, from left to right—Commandant Dumas of the French Military Mission, Sir André Maurois, K.B.E. (famous French author and war correspondent), Mr. Banford (Ministry of Information), M. Blaise Cendrars (of *Le Petit Gironde*), M. R. Lacoste of the Havas Agency, M. Ichak (*L'Illustration*), M. Chenevier, M. Lefebre (*Le Jour*), M. R. Franklin (*L'Intransigeant*), Mr. Brennan of the Ministry of Information, and M. Lacetelle (*Le Journal*)

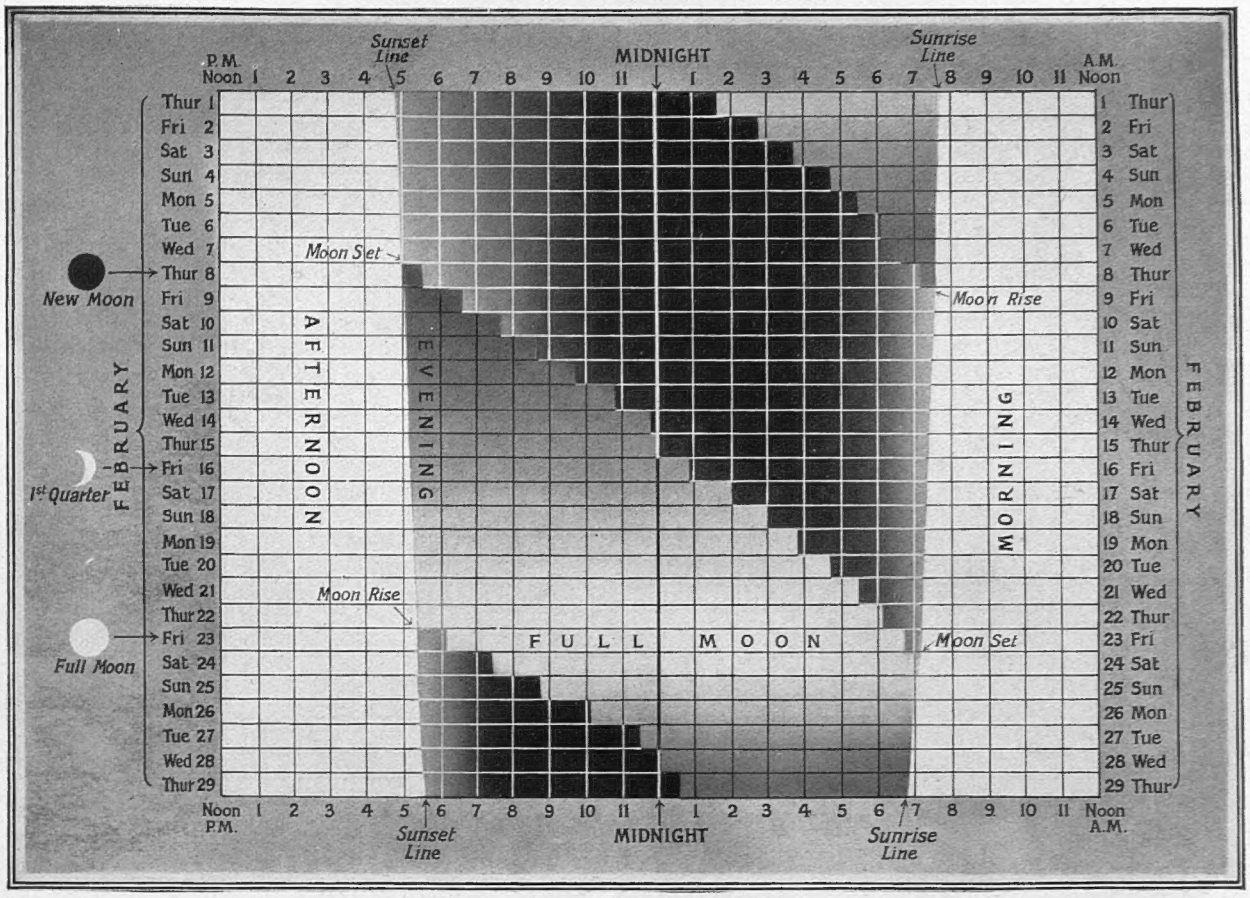
must often be awkward and give rise to tiresome situations requiring tact. Often I suppose they produce humorous situations, too. Occasionally I suppose the German and British or French representatives are old friends who feel it necessary to cut each other in public and expand genially in private, to abandon their usual dates for golf and tennis but still to meet in each other's homes. I hope so, at any rate. Wars should never be the end of friendships. But another point strikes me. What use is made in the German Foreign Office of that most important function of a diplomatic representative—reporting to his government public opinion in the country to which he is accredited, sending home the truth as he sees and hears it? In many neutral countries the German Minister may never read or hear one single word of backing or approval for the Reich; he is perfectly informed that the country in which he is serving is solidly against Nazi aggression, is definitely pro-ally, and outspoken in condemnation of German piracy and barbarism. He hears and reads ridicule of Goebbels' absurd propaganda lies and may well realise to the full its dangers, its ineffectiveness or its childishness. What view does he take of his duty? Does he report the truth to his Foreign Office honestly and painstakingly as he sees and hears it? He knows, of course, that if he does so, his report will be destroyed immediately it is received. Or has he instructions from his Government to send in fabricated reports for the benefit of F.O. clerks of the popularity of Germany in his part of the world, of the great efficiency of Goebbels' propaganda, of the ever-declining reputation of the Allied cause? His Government cannot prevent him knowing the truth, obtaining some of it perhaps from his enemy confrères, but it can, and I suppose does, take steps to prevent him communicating the truth privately or through official channels to the Reich. It is rather an interesting speculation. Men who know the truth would be dangerous if brought back to Germany, and perhaps these diplomats in neutral states suffer a check to their normal professional progress while war lasts.

PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.—

The announcement of the loss of three submarines made on one day was bitter news. We can pretty well guess the nature of the dangerous missions on which they sailed, missions which no doubt the German navy anticipated and guarded against with new devices. Our submarines have, no doubt, been less extensively engaged than the Germans, though their achievements have made up any deficiency of opportunity with glory and in strict accord with international and humane laws. We know now that the Allies have accounted for not less than thirty-five German submarines and probably many more, and it is clear that German enthusiasm for this service is, temporarily at least, in abeyance. This war has proved to the hilt that even Germany would have gained, and not lost, in a military sense if that most dreadful weapon, which asks too much of human endurance, had been outlawed by international agreement as it might have been.

A FRENCH SCIENTIST HEADS A FRANCO-BRITISH SCIENTIFIC MISSION

Professor Paul Montel has been appointed head of the Franco-British Scientific Mission and will collaborate with the Director of Scientific Research on War Inventions. Professor Montel's appointment is another indication of the close co-operation now prevailing between the Allies in all branches of war activity



"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

In accordance with our custom we here present the second moonlight chart for 1940. From this our readers will be able to time their after-nightfall comings and goings to take most advantage of what light the moon is able to provide after the setting of the sun. The month starts fairly gloomily; but towards mid-month the light increases considerably, the period from the 14th till about the 24th providing quite a welcome change from the gloom of the month's beginning. It is not unlikely that by mid-February daylight saving will once more be introduced; but it must be remembered that the times given here are, of course, Greenwich Mean Time and not British Summer Time

EVACUATION—THE FUTURE.

—The benefits derived from evacuation in the health of many of the school-children is clear to see and often referred to. The burden on those who have received them and still house them is sometimes referred to in print and very much discussed *viva voce*. Sir John Anderson and Mr. Elliot are probably now aware that a sense of bitter injustice is growing throughout the reception areas. The reasons are quite clear. The Government has planned and is planning for a long war. Mr. Chamberlain does not ridicule those who speak of and plan for a three years war. The scheme itself is, by and large, still an "amateur" scheme, that is to say, it depends for its success, not on laws and regulations but on the individual character and ability of hundreds of local organisers and on the general goodwill and patriotism of householders. The goodwill is there and the patriotism, and the ability of the organisers has been in the main high, their methods naturally varying according to their characters. Those who are gentle and tolerant and who dislike rows and hard words, take the easy way and when they find householders who do the minimum for their evacuees and give them the most soulless and cold of welcomes, they receive complaints and, taking the easy way, they relieve these householders of their burdens and distribute them on the more willing shoulders. And so it has been for nearly five months. The selfish have got off scot-free, the willing are rapidly reaching exhaustion point. It is not universal, of course. There are hundreds of happy families, but the strain is apparent even where the guests are treated as members of the family not only in hospitality but in affection. What makes the strain? The constant work thrown on the housewife in preparing meals for school, in washing, tending, doing extra rooms, supervising, buying. The extra strain on essential services, such as restricted water supplies and manufactured light. The everlasting necessity of remaining at home, the continuous neglect of essential features of their own children's education and, for those who normally have the means, the total inability to receive their own friends and relations (such as school-boy nephews) for a brief visit. What extra strain may be expected? Above all, the incidence of an epidemic. Hitherto, a miracle has averted this prime catastrophe. Sometime it must come and then, since no provision of any kind exists in most areas to deal with it on an adequate, centralised basis, there is every prospect of tragedy and revolt. And would that revolt be without some justification? In rationing, the principle always lauded and insisted on is "Share and share alike." In evacuation-billeting it is the selfish first and the devil take the patriotic. That may not have been the intention of Sir John or Mr. Elliot. It is in many areas, none the less, the fact. Unless these Ministers realise that the time is overdue for some real and serious thinking, for some principle of relief and swopping worked out on a national basis, for some real effort to meet the terrors ahead from epidemics, it is my firm belief that the ranks of the patriotic and the willing will rapidly diminish. Nor is it any answer to tell us that we are not at the beginning of our sufferings and sacrifices. The whole principle of those sacrifices is that they should be equitably shared.

A SAFETY ZONE.—

I hope some professor of international law will give us a half-hour on the radio or a half-column in the Press to explain what to me is inexplicable in the Pan-American declaration of a 300-mile limit safety-zone round the American countries. I claim the "average man's" power to comprehend questions of the day, but now and again there arises or suddenly emerges one which is double-dutch to me. Such is this safety-zone question, and our Government's very moderate and open-door reply does not help me to solve it. How, I ask, can a minority of the nations of the world by a joint declaration seek to vary the accepted tenets of international law, even if they secure the consent of any temporarily belligerent powers? The implications of such a declaration lie, all of them, in the realm of fairy tales. If the idea "caught on," it would surely reduce itself to absurdity. In short, "Had I been any god of power, I would have sunk the sea within the earth." Yet surely Prospero was a more efficient magician than this Pan-American wand-waver. The idea is attractive and can be given the colour of logic and even justice, but not of international law.

A BIG PRICE FOR SCRAP.

—In war-time a great part of the business of the Law Courts is revealed in its true colours. We see, for example, in its right perspective the sort of matrimonial dispute which in peace-time is labelled "sensational" and occupies a big space in the cheaper daily journals. Such cases can engage the attention of the public, occupy for days on end the time of a learned judge, half a dozen learned lawyers and twelve honest and busy tradesmen. In peace-time we see the slow and dignified and impartial working of an Institution which above all others has world-wide approval and admiration, the British judicature. In war-time we see it differently.

G.S. MEDAL.—

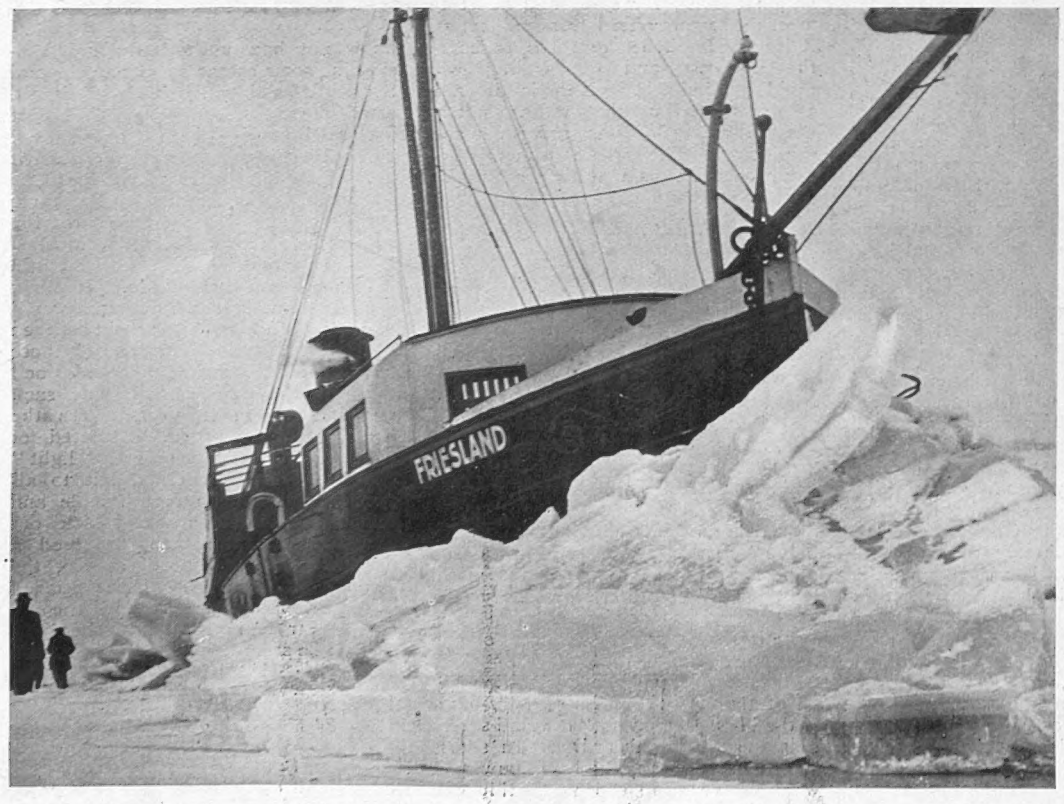
There is talk, I know not how authoritative, of considering some extension of any General Service Medal which may be issued after the war. Time enough. We must first hatch our eggs with a long sitting. The subject is not urgent, but when it arises it will be just lunacy if the G.S. Medal is to be confined to the three services. The Government coined the expression "Home Front," compelled its volunteers to A.R.P. services, and held many of them there. It never ceased to speak of a "nation at war," and did not differentiate at first between the dangers and discomforts of those engaged in A.R.P. in danger cities and those in the trenches. If any such medal is struck it must, unless the Government is to be convicted of treachery, extend not only to "light" companies and observers, but to all A.R.P. and allied services, male and female. The nation would kick out any Government which proposed a narrower scope. But, of course, the subject ought never to be mentioned in the Press or elsewhere until the end of the war is in sight and the issue clear to be seen. THE OLD STAGER

This week's special feature is devoted to THE R.A.F. in FRANCE. The fullest illustrated description yet given of our airmen abroad will be found on pages 109 to 116

WINTER'S GRIP ON THE FIGHTING AREAS

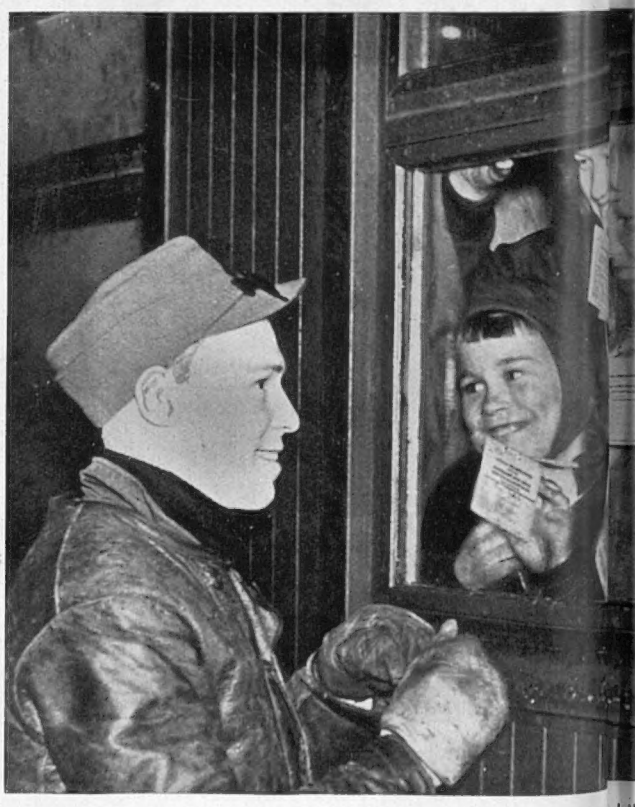
FRENCH TROOPS MOVE IN REGULAR RELIEF FROM POSITIONS ON THE FRONT LINE ALONG THE FROSTY ROADS

"Despite the snow covering the whole of the Western Front," writes a correspondent, "the Germans attempted to carry a French advance post west of the Vosges after preparatory artillery fire lasting for about half an hour. The French artiller



FROST BEATS THE ICE-BREAKERS IN THE YSSEL MEER OFF THE ISLAND OF URK

Three ice-breakers, starting from Amsterdam to break the ice in the Yssel Meer, were compelled to stop off the island of Urk. One of the ships, the *Friesland*, sank. The two other ships, *Ijssel* and *Holland*, were damaged



FINNISH REFUGEE CHILDREN ARRIVE IN SWEDEN

This batch chil
to show the ide
around ne

S OF EUROPE

took up the fight and the infantry attack was finally repulsed with automatic arms. The Germans withdrew with serious losses." While these front line actions occur, the orderly reliefs take place as shown here

children crowded to the windows of the train, eager identity cards which are suspended from cords neck. The scene took place at Haparanda

FINLAND UNDER THE MERCILESS AIR ATTACK BY SOVIET BOMBING PLANES

Helsinki is now hardened to the attack of the Soviet planes and citizens take shelter so effectively that the loss of life has not been great by direct bombing

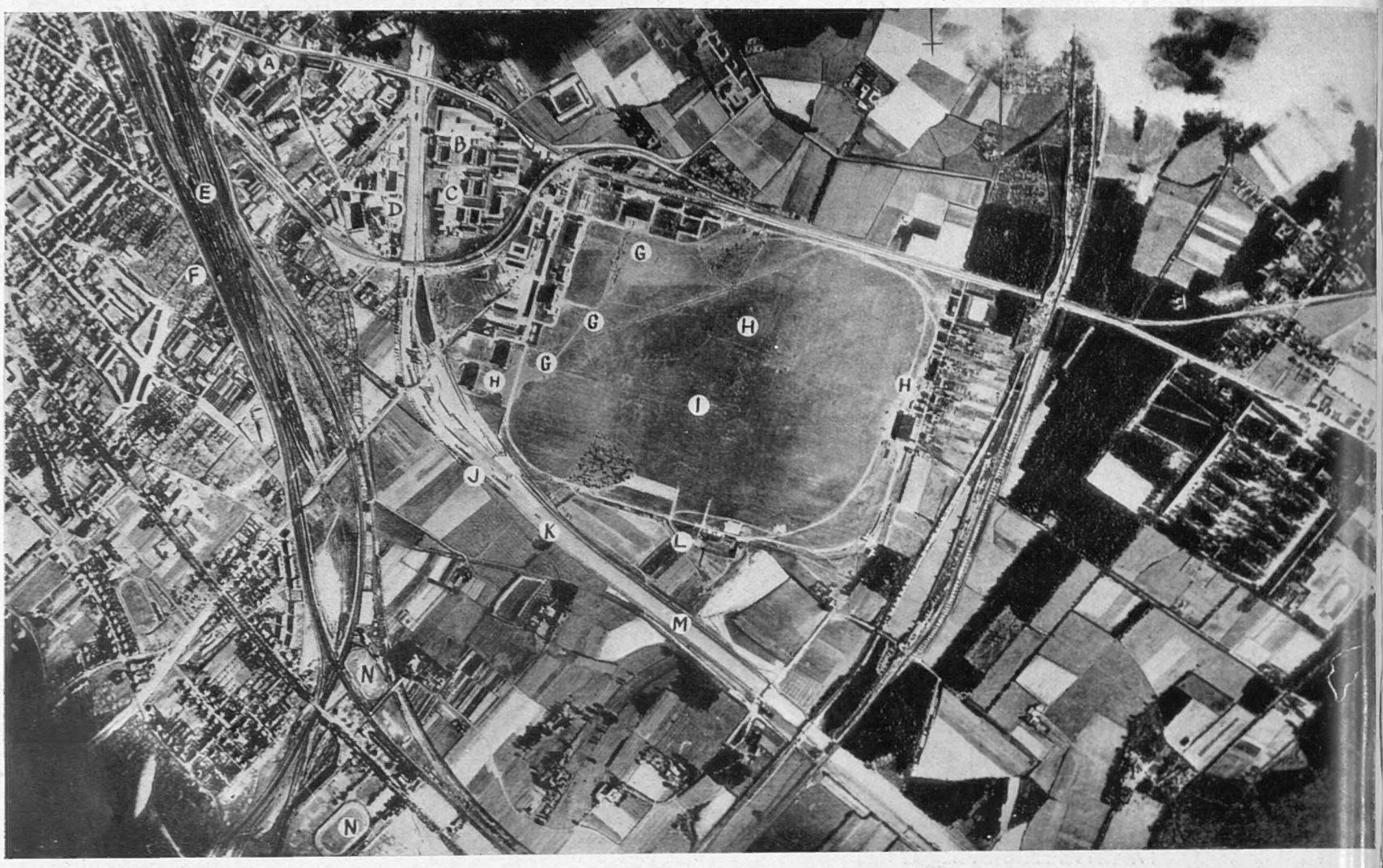
THE RUSSIAN PLANES HAVE CAUSED MOST DAMAGE BY THE USE OF INCENDIARY BOMBS

A typical example of a provincial home set alight by incendiary bombs. Fortunately the house had been completely evacuated

THE BOMBING ACTIVITIES OF THE SOVIET AIR FORCE INCLUDE ALL THE COASTAL TOWNS

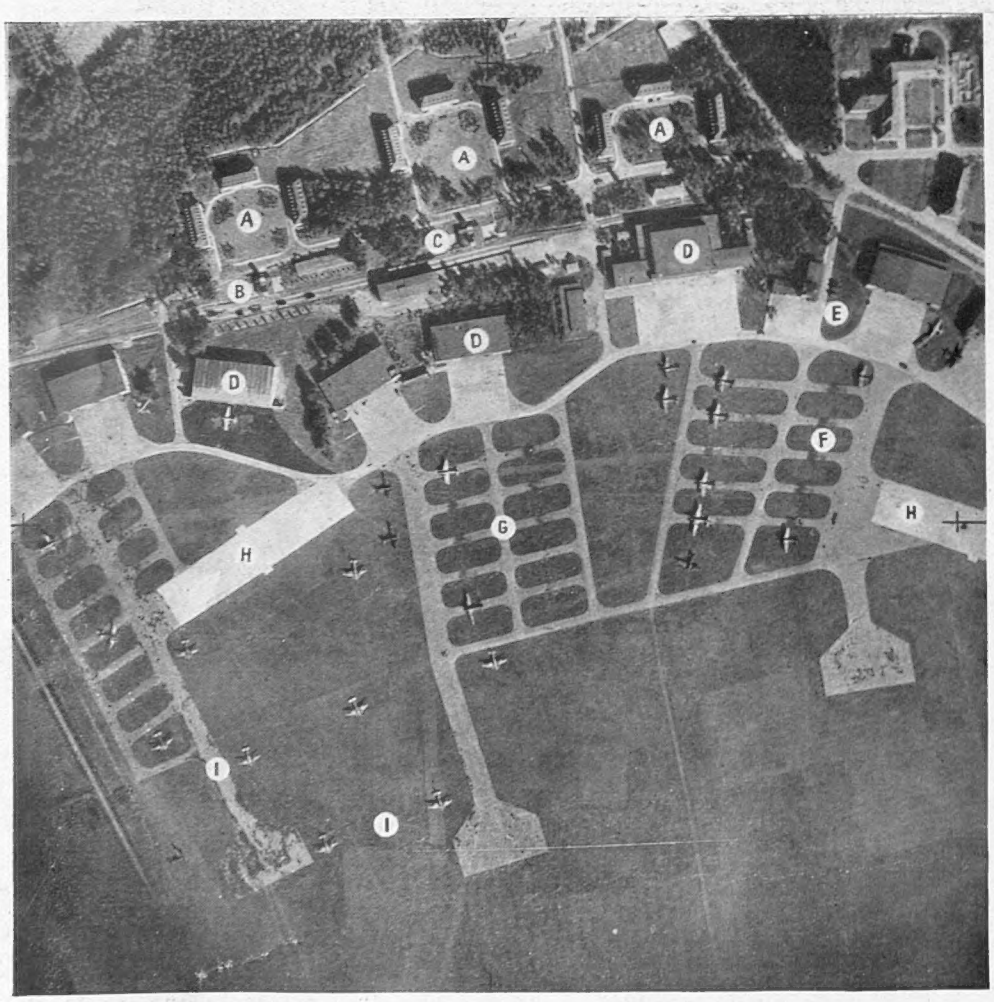
Viborg, or Viipuri, has, like all the southern coastal towns, been "strafed" by Soviet planes in merciless fashion. Flocks of planes have dropped bombs, with little opposition, so heavy has been the general air assault on Finland

BRITISH EYES OVER GERMANY—and What They Saw!



MUNSTER—Important Industrial Town in the Province of Westphalia

A—Gas-holders; **B**—Motor transport sheds; **C**—Barracks; **D**—Goods yards; **E**—Railway sidings and rolling stock; **F**—Allotment gardens; **G**—Aircraft in front of hangars; **H**—Aircraft taking off; **I**—Aerodrome; **J**—Barges being towed; **K**—Tug; **L**—Ammunition storage; **M**—Canal; **N**—Sports ground

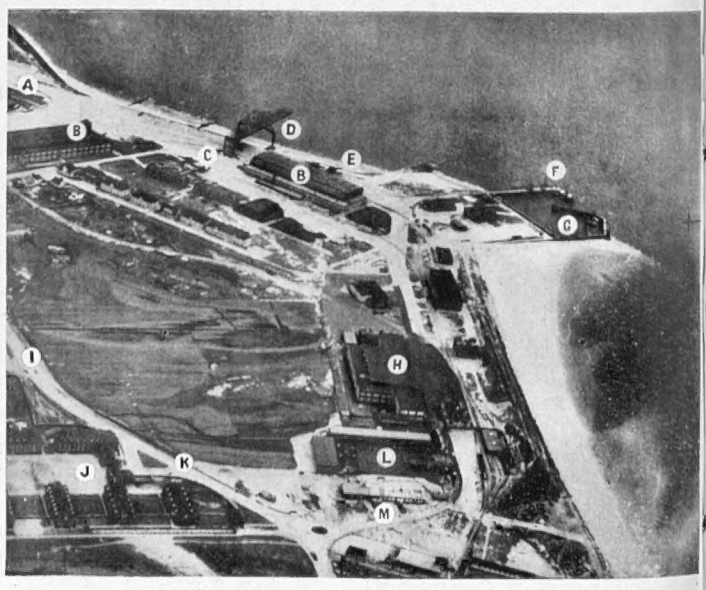


Above—**Langen Haagen Aerodrome, 10 miles north of Hanover**

A—Quarters; **B**—Special railway line for aerodrome; **C**—Station and platform; **D**—Hangars; **E**—Motor transport; **F**—Oil patches by aircraft always parked at the some spot; **G**—Servicing tarmac; **H**—Runway; **I**—Aircraft just moved off across aerodrome

WILHELMSHAVEN, the Great German Naval Base

A—Existing harbour (entrance and lock gates); **B**—Capital ship; **C**—New mole; **D**—Entrance to harbour will be cut through here; **E**—New locks under construction; **F**—North harbour; **G**—Coffer dam; **H**—Dredger sucking silt out of future channel and pumping it out in reclaimed area; **I**—Pipe line; **J**—Barracks; **K**—New dry dock under construction; **L**—Causeway carrying light railways to service construction work; **M**—Large area being reclaimed from the sea; **N**—Barracks



On right—**The seaplane base at List, on the Island of Sylt**

A—Wireless station; **B**—Hangar; **C**—Seaplanes; **D**—Crane for lifting aircraft off water; **E**—Aircraft; **F**—Cranes; **G**—Harbour; **H**—Repair hangar; **I**—Motor vehicles; **J**—Barracks; **K**—Men; **L**—Motor transport sheds; **M**—Building under construction

What a German Seaport Looks Like to the Low-flying R.A.F.: The town of Harburg in the province of Hanover; situated six miles south of Hamburg, it is the seaport of that town

A—Drawbridge; **B**—Dock; **C**—Barges; **D**—Barge building yard; **E**—Railway turn-table; **F**—Fuel oil tanks; **G**—Lock gates; **H**—Tall chimney; **I**—Shelter trenches; **J**—Timber; **K**—Fuel pipe lines; **L**—Lighters; **M**—Cold storage buildings

Since the beginning of the war the Royal Air Force have made many flights over enemy territory in daylight. Our aircraft have penetrated far into Germany and a large number of photographs of enemy aerodromes, bases, harbours, towns, etc., have been taken during these daylight reconnaissances. The Air Ministry circulated a short series of air photographs of enemy territory behind the German lines in October last and it has now been decided to issue for publication from time to time a selection of photographs taken in the course of operational activities. Here is the first selection; other sets will be issued at frequent intervals.

FRONTIERS may be closed and the Siegfried Line at present standing firm, but there is little mystery about what goes on in the enemy camp. The R.A.F. reconnaissance flights bring back photographs as well as verbal reports, and the photographs show an astonishing amount of detail. Aerodromes, substitute landing grounds, ports and naval bases, railways, canals and navigable rivers, military and commercial main roads, all have a story to tell. All movements by road, rail or water are soon known to the Allies. In the matter of information we have a decided advantage.

In these reconnaissances our aircraft generally aim to avoid contact with the enemy, for the very good reason that speedy knowledge of what is happening at some German harbour or in the vicinity of fortifications is more useful to us than the possible destruction of a German fighter. The value of photographs is obvious. The camera sees more and retains more than the eye. "Close-ups" are often so clear that they show useful details. Photographs of a naval base may tell not only the number but also the identity of the ships in harbour, whether they have steam up or appear to be fuelling, and whether there is activity in the building yards.

Much useful work is done by comparison with earlier photographs of the same scene. Every change is noted, and the trained intelligence officer, who may spend hours poring over a single print, sees much that the ordinary observer would pass over. Shadows, for instance, form a useful clue during interpretation. Guesswork will not do; these interpretations must be backed with reason before they are accepted. Before the pictures can be "read" they must first be obtained. Each aircraft carries two cameras, one weighing about 60 lb. less than its German counterpart. Both are compact and virtually foolproof; they are designed to work in the worst circumstances and require very little attention. One is completely automatic, and contains an interchangeable magazine, big enough to give 125 exposures. The magazines can be changed in the air in a few seconds.

At dawn at the start of a flight, a van crosses the aerodrome to the waiting bomber. Cameras and drums of ammunition are transferred to the aircraft, and the vertical camera is screwed into place; the oblique camera is held in the hands and is placed ready in the fuselage. The flight begins.

How These Wonderful Pictures Were Taken

A Royal Air Force observer with the oblique camera used in reconnaissance work

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF A DRAW

The Increasing Partnership Between France and Britain Means Another Rung in the Ladder to Complete Victory

(The Strategy of the War—XVIII.) By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

SURPRISE, as I said last week, is the biggest winning factor in war. This has been exemplified by the noble resistance of the Finns in their operations against the Russians, and now after another week we are able to record further successes. As I write, the Russian attempt to cut the Finnish waist has not only failed but the Russians are in retreat with severe losses, and according to reports have no wish to come on again, and will be only too glad to sit down and dig in. Although Russian attacks have been and are being launched both north and south, it was the waistline attack on which all depended, and the world, less Russia and Germany, will rejoice and applaud the gallant Finns who are now able to sit back and let out a few more holes in their waistbelt. It is good to read that help is being sent to them from all sides.

According to reports it is weather which has cried halt to the Russians. One cannot picture much enthusiasm at being told to fight at 78 deg. below freezing point. The Finns have stuck it but the Russians may not come again for some little time, and every moment's delay should favour the Finns. It also appears likely that another Russian force near Lake Ladoga is cut off. This gallant defence put up by Finland may well prove one of the biggest factors of the whole war. It came as a complete surprise and cannot fail to be a real inspiration to others who are threatened. The latter must have observed with horror the overthrow of Poland, Czechoslovakia and other states, and the domination of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, but the inspiration of Finland cannot fail to put real heart and grit into Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

Each day must show that this bullying alliance is not as formidable as it threatened to be. One of the partners has got into a real mess in Finland and this appears to some extent to have queered the pitch of the other. All that we can safely say is that the team work does not, at the moment, appear to be too good.

It is quite possible that the recent threat to Holland and Belgium during the past week was all part of an effort by Hitler to help Stalin. If so, it seems to have failed. Except for stopping leave temporarily to the B.E.F. I do not see what it has accomplished. I read a lot about a German officer being captured out of an aeroplane with plans and orders which he tried to destroy, and that he went by air instead of by train in order to see his wife more quickly. The latter may be true, but the Germans do not expose their plans to capture in that way. That is rubbish.

Lots of other things one reads are rubbish. I read in a paper recently that Hitler is playing for a draw. What exactly is a draw? As far as I know it means that both sides finish equal. What about Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc.? Hitler may be content with a draw but we most certainly will not. We and France are quite determined to go through with the business until Hitler and all that he stands for is utterly crushed. We should have done it last time but we failed. We will not fail again. The little as well as the big nations have got to be allowed to live their own lives in peace. We are all now fighting for liberty and Christian civilisation and we are going to win. There is a grim struggle in front of us. The net is tightening slowly but surely. We can thank God for the respite that has been granted to us since the outbreak of war; this has enabled many defence arrangements to be perfected, but the struggle has yet to come. It will be faced with every confidence.

Thanks to our great Navy and all connected with the sea, we are gradually establishing our supremacy. We applaud the great successes which have been achieved, and we deplore the losses which have been incurred in upholding the noble traditions of those who work for us both on and under the sea.

In the air we can but say "Thank you" to those young men who seem to fly wherever they like and get all the information they require. It must be a comfort to them, as it is to us, to think of the reinforcements now being prepared by all our Dominions to come to their support. It may be that by our increased production of aeroplanes, and the intensified training of our pilots, Hitler will get his biggest shock, also that our supply of petrol will most assuredly see him out.

As regards the Army, it is a great relief to us to be able to report "All quiet on the Home Front." The display made by certain sections of the Press over the Belisha incident did not enhance our prestige in the eyes of the world. Happily the Prime Minister and Mr. Belisha soon restored it by their dignified handling of the situation.

I learn from a soldier just arrived on leave from the Western Front that this last week has been the coldest yet experienced. This, indeed, is so all over Europe. Except for some patrol work, little has happened on the ground or in the air. Hitler's last scare no doubt had the effect of keeping everyone keyed up to the highest state of preparedness. I can visualise the staffs with all their various schemes ready for any eventuality. It is to be hoped that they will pull out the right one when the time comes.

A few days ago I was asked by a retired officer if it was true that in this war, units were being reinforced or made up with men who had no local connection whatever; that a man from Aberdeen might find himself in the Devonshire Regiment and vice versa. I could not enlighten him as I am completely out of touch with the present Army, but I trust that it is not so. The backbone of our system for many years has been to get men recruited for their county regiments. There is no doubt that strength accrues from getting men taught and interested in the history and fighting traditions of the Blankshire Regiment, how that regiment had gallantly fought its way to victory against great odds in various campaigns of the past. It may have to do so again and men of the Blankshire county will fight better for the honour of the Blankshire Regiment.

If Don Bradman can be dismissed first ball—a real surprise—perhaps we might get another later on such as "Hitler l.b.w. Stalin," one never knows.

It has been interesting during the last few days to hear of the ever-increasing partnership between ourselves and the French Army and nation. That must be the biggest pill which Hitler has to swallow. How futile were his efforts to separate us. I was very interested a few days ago to listen to an eminent lecturer telling us of the system of thorough training and organisation which has been instilled into the French Army in recent years. That army must now be a very efficient machine, and it is interesting to see that the men who made it so are being retained to run it—Generals Weygand, Gamelin and Debeney. I fancy that if Marshal Foch had been still alive, they would not have let him remain idle. They do not bother about age limits as long as the men are active in mind and body. They want to make use of their experience.

The reports of the agreements reached between M. Dautry and Mr. Burgin are indeed comforting. There is great strength in this real pooling of our resources, and also, as Lord Chatfield stated, in the pooling of our scientific resources. There is comfort in the statement on the economic situation made by Mr. Cross in the House.

All these rungs in the ladder of progress mean a lot. They have all been secured and pegged down since September last. We have to be thankful for each one of them. We have to be thankful also to Hitler for giving those concerned time for clear thinking and time for thorough organisation. If, as was fully expected, Hitler had gone off with his threatened bang on the first day, it is quite evident that these bands of unity could never have been established with the same quiet and business-like mind. We still meet with the everlasting question "What will Hitler do?" We do not know, and we are tired of reviewing his probable and possible plans, but the main thing is that whatever he does and wherever he bobs up, he is going to find himself up against a far stiffer problem than that which faced him five months ago.

Last Saturday was a red-letter day for us. We were privileged to hear the speeches of Lord Halifax and Mr. Winston Churchill. It was a sheer joy to hear them. Both speeches were masterpieces of our great English language, and both speeches inspired us. Lord Halifax, speaking amongst his Yorkshire comrades, made the whole history of the events which led up to the war so clear that even the last waverer must see that there was no other alternative to the present issue. Our very life and liberty were threatened, and threatened at no distant date. The overthrow of Poland and the other states were clearly only stepping stones to the overthrow of Great Britain and France. Hitler had overshot the mark.

The tearing up of the Anglo-German Naval Treaty and the German-Polish Agreement were too obvious. Hitler had over-reached himself. The British Empire and France merely said "Enough." A blow to the bully and as Lord Halifax said, "A bully hesitates when he realises that the other man may hit back." And that is exactly what has happened. As Lord Halifax so rightly said, "Divisions are moving in Germany and in recently acquired Germany in order to preserve law and order." With us divisions are moving with one object and one object only, and that is to victory.

Mr. Winston Churchill in his unrivalled manner and gift of language touched a very high note. We may well be proud of our Navy and Mercantile Marine and of our escorting aircraft when we can say that our ships sail the seas with a 500 to 1 chance against destruction. One only wishes that the neutrals enjoyed the same measure of security, as they are indeed bearing the brunt at the moment, but they prefer to stand aside. It is easy to understand their feelings. They have no desire to be in this conflict at all, and only want to be allowed to live their own lives. They must necessarily look to their own future, and as is only human, they want to be friends with the winning side. They are no doubt at the moment uncertain which is going to be the winning side. Of that, we and the First Lord have, in the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "No possible doubt whatever."

A visit to London a few days ago left me with the impression that there is growing a more determined feeling. Many of those who had assumed that as nothing had yet happened that nothing would happen, and that life would always continue to be normal, are realising at last that things *will* happen and at any moment, and that we have all got to pull on the rope together.

Our team, our Empire and the Allies get stronger each day. When the judge at the tug-of-war says "Pull" we will pull and with all our might, by sea, land and air, and with the whole strength of our mighty nations, and the best trained team will win. Germany and Russia are not a team and never will be.

The moment will come when the Allied coach will say, "Take the strain!" and then "Heave." Our team will in very truth heave. The issue will not be for long in doubt. The flag will soon go up and civilisation will have won. We live for that moment, when nations great and small can live the lives which they want to live, in peace and prosperity, free from the threats of war and aggression, and when hideous arms and armaments, fighting aeroplanes, submarines and mines, no longer exist, and aggressive dictators are just a hideous memory of evil. In justice to the younger generation and those who follow we have to go through with this to the end. We had all hoped that those million little white crosses, witnesses to those who gave their all in the last war, had secured this result. There must be no mistake this time. Whatever the cost before us we must secure our goal.

IMPROVING OUR HOME DEFENCES

Our defences against the enemy raiders are proving to be very efficient, and as the weeks go by they are being further strengthened. Many anti-aircraft batteries are being laid down in all parts of the country. This picture shows a height-finder crew at work at one of the new anti-aircraft stations somewhere in Lancashire

THE FINNS FIND IT WORTH WHILE TO FIGHT

for Freedom and to be Tended Thus

WHITE AGAINST THE SNOW, THIS EXPERT SKIER PREPARES

Pekka Niemi, the Finnish skier, who won the 50-kilometre world championship at Chamonix in 1937, seen in his white snow-suit on the Salla front, where he has been fighting as a sergeant. Niemi has led a number of ski patrols behind the Russian lines

A FINNISH AIRCRAFT-WATCHER MAKING A REPORT

Finland's crying need has been the lack of sufficient fighter planes to beat off the attacks on her cities. All her planes have to be used on the military fronts

A NURSE OF THE LOTTA GUARD TENDS A WOUNDED FINNISH SOLDIER

An impression in one of the Finnish field hospitals in Southern Finland. One of the indefatigable Lottas is tidying the bed of a wounded young Finnish fighter who is out of action for the time being (*see* following pages for further Finnish news pictures)

THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS: Finnish Ideas of Cleanliness Compel the Authorities to Take Altruistic Measures

THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS ASSEMBLE BEFORE UNDERGOING THE ORDEAL OF THE BATH

From Finland come some extraordinarily interesting pictures dealing with the physical state of the Soviet troops. Finnish official statements say that the prisoners are, besides being ill-shod and ill-clothed, incredibly dirty

THE SOVIET SOLDIERS ARE RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY, TOO

The Finns claim that a good many of the surrenders are due to hunger on the part of the Soviet soldiery

RUSSIAN PRISONERS ARRIVING AT A FINNISH POLICE STATION FOR THE CLEANSING PROCESS

The Finns evidently cannot tolerate keeping such a crowd of unwashed prisoners within their boundaries; they are compelling them all to take a bath

THIS SOVIET SOLDIER HAD PARTICULARLY GRIMY HANDS

The Finnish official news claims that all the Russian prisoners are in an unwashed condition

RUSSIAN PRISONERS EMERGING WASHED AND CLOTHED BY THE FINNS

After the bath, the clothes of the prisoner are removed and he comes forth clean and newly clothed from head to foot

A FUNERAL PYRE OF SOVIET ARMY CLOTHING BURNED BY THE FINNS

The dirty garments of the Russian prisoners are made into piles and burned in the police station yard

BEHIND THE FINNISH LINES: Interest in Captured Russian Weapons, and Scenes on the Road

A GROUP OF FINNS EXAMINING THE DETAILS OF A CAPTURED RUSSIAN RIFLE OF SPECIAL MAKE

Some of the captured small arm weapons themselves are not of bad manufacture, but many machine-guns are of quite obsolete pattern. The reindeer is interested in the camera man

THE FINNS EMPLOY THE SLEDGE RUNNER WHEREVER POSSIBLE IN THE WINTER TIME

This smart motor-sleigh has side runners for both the driver and for the trailer. Finnish aeroplanes are also fitted with runners in place of wheels

PRESENTS FOR THE FINNISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT

The arrival of the lorry bearing gifts from the south is keenly awaited. Some sizeable gifts have come up on this occasion

SAFE HOME AGAIN, AND—ALAS—LOST AT SEA

THE "HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN" BRINGS HOME THE SURVIVORS OF THE "GRAF SPEE'S" ACTIVITIES IN SOUTHERN WATERS

Fifty-six officers and men of the British Merchant Navy, who were captives on board the German pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee*, reached England last week. As the twin-funnelled merchantman, with a full cargo of meat, steamed up the Thames Estuary, men lined the decks and cheered. Fifty-one members of their crews and of the ships *Tairoa*, *Huntsman*, *Clement*, and *Doric Star* were also on board. All the captives were captains, chief officers, wireless officers, or chief engineers except thirty-two of the crew of the *Streonshalh*, the last British ship sunk by the *Admiral Graf Spee*

FAILED TO RETURN—H.M. SUBMARINE "SEAHORSE," ONE OF THREE BRITISH CASUALTIES OF THE UNDERSEA WAR

The Secretary of the Admiralty announced last week that during the previous seven days three British submarines had failed to return to their bases or to report. They were: *Starfish*, 640 tons, crew of forty; *Seahorse*, 640 tons, crew of forty; *Undine*, 540 tons, crew of twenty-seven. These three vessels had been engaged on particularly hazardous service, and the Admiralty fear that they must now be regarded as having been lost. The German wireless has announced that part of the crews of the *Undine* and *Starfish* have been rescued. The German communiqué, according to Reuter, claimed that the *Starfish* and *Undine* were destroyed by German defence measures in the Heligoland Bight, the bay in which there are several Nazi naval bases. The communiqué did not mention the *Seahorse*

THE numerous correspondents who have visited France have not found it an easy task to describe the working of the Royal Air Force in its cross-Channel setting. One stumbles upon the R.A.F. One is not heralded by bugle blasts from battlements; one is much more likely to come upon a sentry behind an innocent-looking bush and then to start wondering why he should be guarding a tall bathing machine. A little farther on, the visitor doubles up beneath strange flapping curtains of netting.

It is now possible to raise discreetly these veilings and to see what lies hidden behind the outwardly innocent. It may be cold work, for the weather has been hard these days both for those on land and in the air. But the daring British fighting pilots who will think that flying is a kind of sport even in war get through their work with a swing.

Regular bombing practice is carried out by squadrons of the R.A.F. in France over a desolate tract of hill country behind the Maginot Line. These hills were the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the last war. They have been left untouched and uncleared since. There are acres and acres of scarred and broken trenches and endless water-logged shell holes. Rusting barbed wire stretches for miles. The use of this desolate area has solved, for the units in France at least, one of the vital problems of the R.A.F., that is, finding space for full-scale gunnery and bombing practice, on which the efficiency of British air crews depends.

The increase in the strength of the British Army in France has involved some modification in the organisation of the Air Forces required for the necessary co-operation and support to the Army. A new Air Command, designated "British Air Forces in France," was therefore formed, with Air-Marshal A. S. Barratt as Air Commander-in-Chief. The new Air Officer C.-in-C. will be responsible, in consultation with Army Commanders-in-Chief, for ensuring the most effective support by the R.A.F. for the B.E.F. and the French Armies on the Western Front. Air-Marshal Barratt has been closely connected with the Army and understands the Army's needs. He served for a considerable period in France during the last war, and in 1918–19 he was attached to R.A.F. Headquarters in Cologne with the British Army of Occupation. Recently he has been serving as principal R.A.F. Liaison Officer with the French Forces. The new appointment, which involves no change in the principle that governs the relationship between the Army and the R.A.F., will assure the closest co-operation between the two services in the field.

An officers' mess in a lonely village not far from an airfield of the R.A.F. in France has found an ingenious use for French coins of smaller values which have holes through the centre. These are popularly known among British airmen as "washers." Hanging from a rail in the mess is a long wire which has already collected a formidable string of "washers," extracted from visitors. Whenever a guest enters the mess he is invited to pay ransom by emptying his pockets of all the "washers" he may find in them. The toll is often heavy. One New Year visitor parted with no fewer than seventeen coins. "And what are all these 'washers' for?"—a visiting officer inquired. "For a mess celebration at the Armistice," was the reply.

During his recent visit to France, Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of the Air Staff, paid a tribute to the hospitality extended by French villages to R.A.F. units billeted on them. One reason for the excellent relations which exist between the R.A.F. and their hosts is the knowledge of French shown by an astonishingly large proportion of all ranks. Local residents frequently express their surprise and gratification at this accomplishment of *l'aviation anglaise*. In some units, those who were not linguists when they first went out are attending French lessons. As a reciprocal gesture the French youths are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of pithy English. Another close bond between the R.A.F. and the French is sport. Both association and "rugger" football matches are frequently played between units of the Royal Air Force and the French Army.

One job which must never be done other than with the greatest care is the work of the R.A.F. armourer. Whistling down out of the sky comes a fighter section—three Spitfires perhaps, fresh from patrol, possibly from action. The armourers run to the machines and, while refuelling goes on, scrutinise the guns—one armourer and his mate to each wing of the aircraft. Each gun, if it has been fired, is stripped of its empty or half empty belt. Its parts are swiftly examined for breaks or stoppages. Any replacements needed are made at once. The barrels are pulled through with a cleaning rod, movable portions are oiled, and finally the full belts are fed into their chamber.

SNOW CONDITIONS PUT A BIG STRESS ON COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE R.A.F. R.A.F. mechanics overhauling a tractor in a fairy-like woodland scene

SHOT DOWN BY THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE Every bullet mark on this tail of a Dornier is examined and analysed by the armourers who provide the weapons of the Air Force. A bit of wreckage recovered on land may prove of the greatest value

A WORKADAY PICTURE FROM THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE RECENT HEAVY FALLS OF SNOW The Arctic weather in northern France has entailed some extraordinary new routine work for both pilots and members of the ground staff

HEADQUARTERS OF THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE, and the MEN IT CONTROLS

THE NEW R.A.F. CONTROL CHIEF LAST WEEK PAID A VISIT TO THE WESTERN FRONT

Air Marshal A. S. Barratt is seen on left (wearing peaked cap) studying the lay-out of the Western Front as it is plotted by British cameras

ANOTHER OF THE AIR VICE-MARSHALS AT THE FRONT

Air Vice-Marshal C. H. B. Blou seen at work in his room R.A.F. headquarters

IN A ROOM AT THE R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE IS SEATED THE AIR VICE-MARSHAL COMMANDING

Here is a newly-taken picture of Air Vice-Marshal Playfair, a familiar figure at headquarters. He obtained his present rank in June, 1934

Above one sees the control at headquarters — here are some close-up impressions of the men who respond to every call which comes through to their particular drome or hangar

On left—
An R.A.F. fighter pilot wearing his oxygen mask and zip-fastened fur jacket

Awaiting final instructions is this fighter pilot, who has just stepped into the cockpit of his machine "somewhere in France"

GATHERED ROUND THE TABLES IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM AT R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE

A map of a particular section lies pinned on the tables. The positions of certain operations of the day are being watched as news comes in over the wires

Snatching what sleep they may, while ready to spring to activity if required—a peep into comfortable billets a few yards distant from the waiting planes

Pilots hold an informal air council during the recent snow period. These fighter pilots have been getting the measure of their opponents. It is significant that twice as many German fighters have been destroyed in France as any other type. So far not a single British fighter—Vickers Spitfire, Hawker Hurricane or Gloster Gladiator—has been shot down by German bomber aircraft

THE R
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ALTHOUGH CONCEALED AND SHELTERED BY WHAT LOOKS LIKE SOME EASTERN TRAVELLING TENT, THIS PLANE CAN BE AIRBORNE IN A MATTER OF A FEW SECONDS

A SENTRY ON DUTY BY THE SIDE OF A BIG BRITISH PLANE IN FRANCE IS SEEN THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE BIG CAMOUFLAGE NET WHICH ENVELOPS IT

A.F. IN NCE

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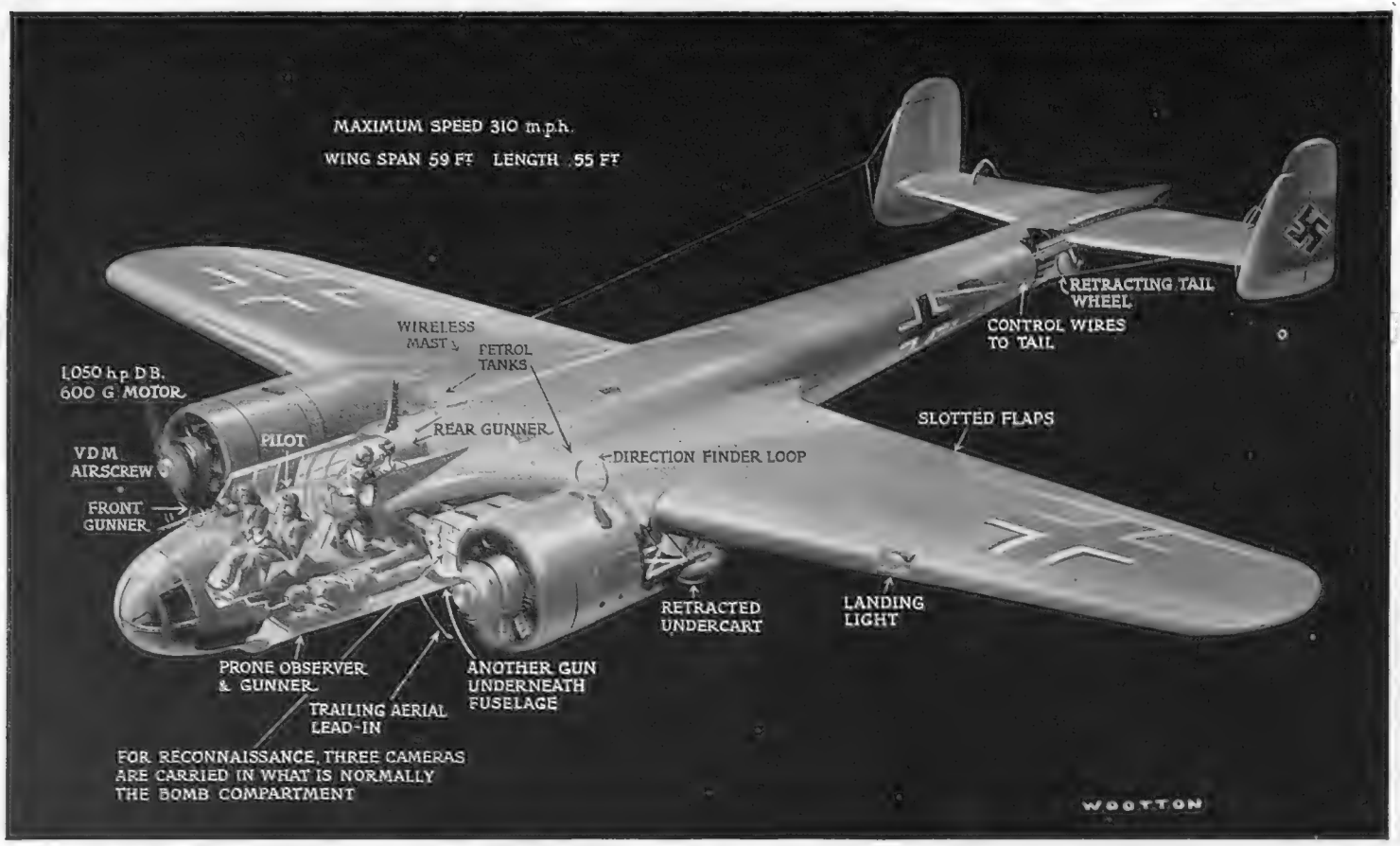
A RECORD OF WINTER DAYS WITH THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE—
THE CREW IN THIS CASE LIVE IN TENTS NEAR THEIR PLANES

THE BEAUTIFUL LINES OF THE FIGHTER PLANE ARE LOST TO VIEW UNDER BIG COVERING SHEETS, BUT FROM ABOVE IT IS INCONSPICUOUS—AN EFFECT AIDED BY THE STUNTED FIR TREES IN FRONT OF WHICH THE SENTRIES ARE STANDING



A GERMAN PLANE ACTUALLY BROUGHT DOWN ON THE WESTERN FRONT—THE SHATTERED FRAGMENTS ARE SHOWN BELOW

This Dornier DO 17, "flying pencil," was brought down in France by fighters of the R.A.F. Its twin engines and other parts are shown below

THE R.A.F
THE ENI

And Fight Any craft Which

The two machines shown here are among the types most frequently met with by pilots

THE terse official reports of reconnaissances by British aircraft over Germany published in the Press have hardly done justice to the hazards to which our airmen are exposed on these adventurous flights into enemy country. Science has so speeded up human experience that the plunge into the unknown is only a matter of hours. The daily life of an aircraft crew contains a violence of contrast hitherto unknown. Columbus could watch the shores of the Old World slowly receding from his gaze. To-day the airman leaving his aerodrome finds himself within a short space of time above the dark secrets of a hostile country.

In the last war the trench line barred from all inquiry vast areas of Europe, which suddenly became as remote as the Forbidden Land of Tibet. In these days neither the barriers of the Siegfried Line nor the sea can defeat the vigilance of the Royal Air Force. Our pilots and observers drop from the clouds low down over the enemy country, trailing their coats after the manner of the Irishman. They hold their work only half-done if their inquisitiveness has not stung the German defences into activity.

One pilot, indeed, was so distressed at his apparent invisibility that he came down to within 1,000 ft. of the centre of a large German town. Even then he was unnoticed. Another on the same day had a different experience. He came down 10,000 ft. to inspect a German city, and at 4,000 ft. found himself in the centre of what he described as "bucketfuls" of projectiles. To avoid them, he went headlong down 3,000 ft. further and so upset the aim of the enemy gunners that he escaped untouched.

As soon as war seemed imminent air crews stood by, but after its outbreak, on the night of Sunday, September 3, the weather made flight impossible. On the following evening the aircraft started. Those who were present watched them depart in a state of restrained excitement, for it was a brave adventure into the unknown. They were entering a hostile country which claimed to rule the air. No one could tell what danger lay ahead. Actually, ice and not man was the enemy. At a relatively low altitude, ice formed in masses on the wings. One aircraft began to lose lift and to escape control. "I just tipped her over and let the ice fall off," said the pilot.

In later raids, German fighters made an appearance. On one occasion three of them were content to inspect one of our aircraft from a distance; on another, a second aircraft dodged two single-seater monoplanes in the clouds. One pilot was attacked by a single fighter on two separate occasions. The first of these enemy aircraft turned off at 200 yards after a couple of bursts of fire. The second came to close quarters, but was beaten off. Our gunner felt pretty sure that he had reached his target. Another of our aircraft was attacked by three enemy fighters at about 200 yards and drove them off.

The last war ended just before our airmen took notice of Berlin from above. The Royal Air Force has taken up what was left unfinished in 1918. Weeks have passed since the first British aircraft found its way to Berlin through the clouds. When the pilot reckoned that he was above the German capital, he came down, checked his position and found that he had made no mistake in his calculations. The searchlights picked him up, but there was no active opposition.

The aircraft crews were using oxygen and their special work exposed them to an icy blast from outside. A below-zero temperature such as only Arctic explorers have to meet numbed their hands and feet. There was nothing for it but to come down swiftly into the warmer atmosphere below. The pilot dived down in spirals on Berlin. Below there was a warm reception. The Berlin defence plastered the aircraft with every gun it could bring to bear. It blazed off a whole armoury of what seemed to be experimental projectiles. But, as the pilot phlegmatically remarked, the Berlin defence organisation must have been badly shaken, for not a shot went home. The aircraft zoomed up again

The Dornier DO 17 lies prone on a field in France, after a brilliant defence by the pilot. Shot holes in twisted propeller and wing can be seen in the part of the plane shown here

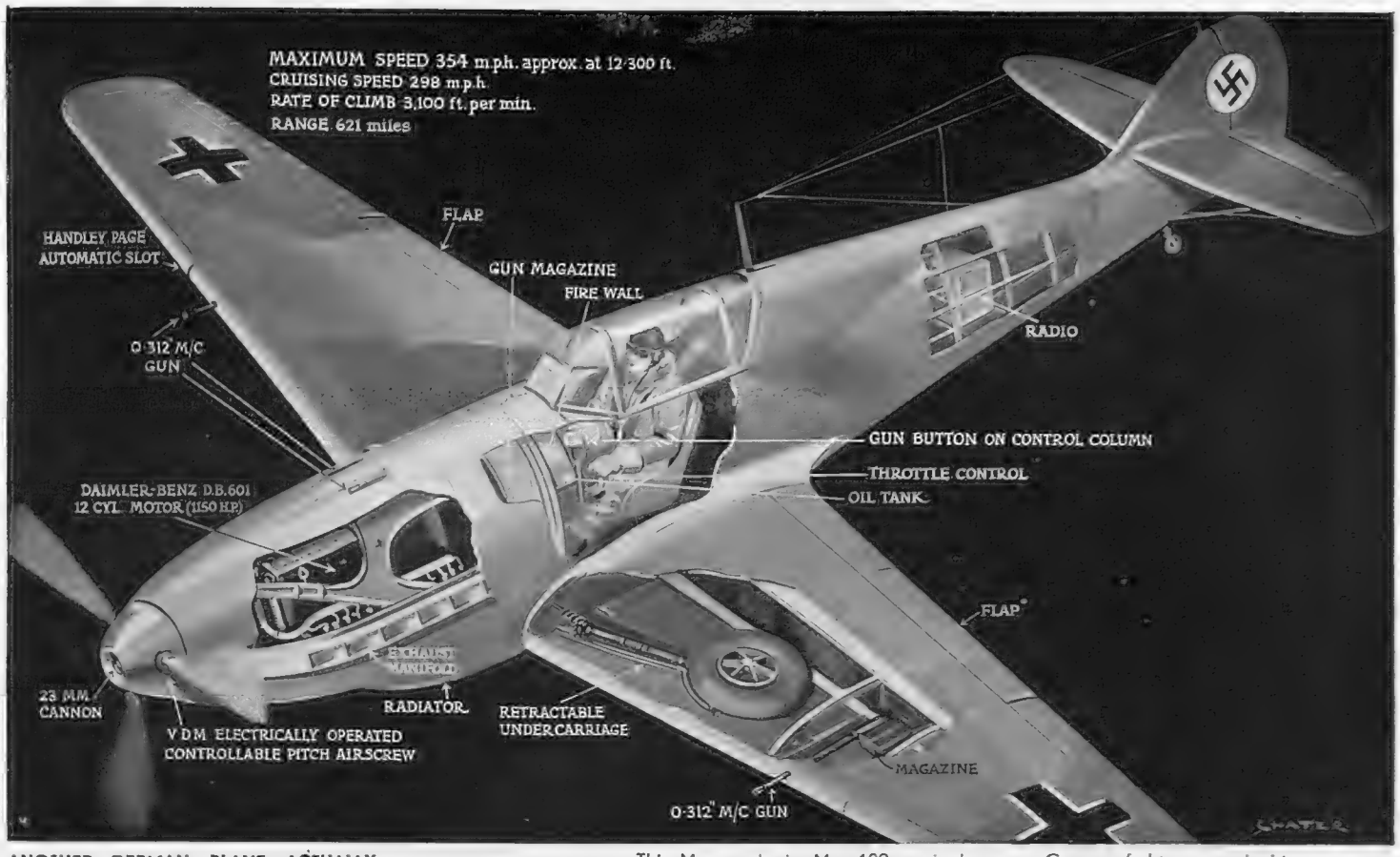
The propeller unit and the cowling were crushed by the impact with the ground, but the greater part of one engine was undamaged and was examined with interest

One side of the Dornier's fusilage was torn away, revealing a row of oxygen flasks and other details. The pilot was entertained by officers of the R.A.F. squadron

SPY OUT MY LAND

German Air- They Encounter

of the R.A.F. in the course of their constant challenge to the enemy's air force



ANOTHER GERMAN PLANE ACTUALLY BROUGHT DOWN IN FRANCE—THIS TIME BY THE ALLIED AIR FORCE OF FRANCE

This Messerschmitt Me. 109, a single-seater German fighter armed with two guns, one in each wing, also one cannon, was brought low by intrepid French flyers. In the British sector the destruction of Messerschmitts increases weekly, says a recent report

into the chillier but more hospitable clouds above. On another occasion, this same pilot flew deliberately into the searchlights that were hunting for him, to see what would happen.

In the cloud-world over Germany, British airmen have strange experiences no less surprising than the adventures of Elizabethan explorers. Aircraft flying through electrically-charged clouds may experience the phenomenon of the "brushing discharge." They may be outlined in a weird violet light, when every movement of the crew produces sparks and a crackling sound. Enemy projectiles burst like fireworks. Sometimes, what seems to be a huge Verey light opens above the cloud layer and those who flew in the last war hear of the reappearance of "the flaming onions." A string of balls of fire, like a string of onions, is shot into the air and hangs about in the presumed course of the aircraft with the intention of setting it on fire.

Varied effects are provided by searchlights. When the beam strikes a cloud, it is refracted at a sharp angle, just as light is refracted in water. Lately, the enemy has been using coloured searchlights—violet, blue, orange and so on—no doubt trying to discover which hue is most penetrating among the clouds. The coloured beams have created highly picturesque patterns without practical result.

Details of a flight over north-west Germany reveal a story of how a crippled British aircraft reached home, although only the framework of one wing was left and half of the other wing had gone too. Two young New Zealand pilots—one a short, slim schoolmaster who comes from Gisborne, the other a tall wool-buyer from Masterdon—were concerned in this feat of almost wingless airmanship. The damage to the wings might have been caused by lightning or anti-aircraft fire—it is not yet certain which. With the aircraft in this condition, they kept on flying and managed to bring it home safe, if not sound.

"A blinding yellow flash followed by a big bang," was how No. 1 pilot describes the happening that so nearly wrecked them. This occurred when they were flying at about 2,000 ft. and they thought for a moment that they were being threatened by enemy fighters. Presently, the aircraft began to go round and round in uncontrollable circles and to drop at an alarming rate. Believing that they were about to fall into the sea, the second pilot, who was also the navigator, went aft to get the dinghy ready. He made his way back into the cabin and was dismayed to discover that practically all that was left of the top of the port wing was the framework. Taking a look on the other side, he discovered that half the fabric was stripped off the starboard wing. That the aircraft was able to fly in such a condition was no less remarkable than the handling of it.

To keep his pilot going the navigator fed him with sandwiches and hot coffee. The effort of bringing the aircraft home was such that when they landed the pilot's right arm was temporarily paralysed. "The instinct of self-preservation pulled us through" he said afterwards.

The Messerschmitt's propeller blades were twisted into queer angles which gave the wrecked plane the look of a flying beetle. The forward parts shown here suffered most

BRITISH PILOTS, OBSERVERS AND GUNNERS GO OUT TO MEET THE FOE

This picture, taken on the Western Front in France, forms a record of the snowy conditions of some ten days ago. The targets of these fighters are generally single raiders, the enemy declining to send out larger bodies of attackers

AT AN R.A.F. FIGHTER STATION

WATCHING THE EFFECT OF PRACTICE FIRING WITH THE SPITFIRE'S WING GUNS—SITTING ON THE TAIL IS A NECESSARY ACCOMPANIMENT

A Spitfire aircraft is seen in one of the firing pits. The spent cartridges are falling under the wings in a shower

ANOTHER AND CLOSER VIEW OF THE EIGHT GUNS OF A SPITFIRE IN OPERATION

When an R.A.F. fighter pilot, diving to the attack, touches a button on the control column (or "joy stick"), thousands of bullets flash out from the guns concealed in the wings of his Hurricane or Spitfire. The fighter pilot is a man hidden in a flying gun battery

Feeding in a long band of ammunition for the eight guns of the Spitfire—there must be no sign of fault in this chain of cartridges

A GROUP OF PILOTS AT A FIGHTER STATION WAITING TO TAKE OFF

Apart from flying exercise the pilot's time is largely occupied with ground instruction. The instructors collect the pilots, a few at a time, and explain to them the new methods of attack and defence which modern air warfare has produced

IF one is privileged to go behind the scenes of a fighter station, one thing will strike one—the cheerful activity that goes on continuously. Everyone is busy, and everyone looks happy. The airman, whatever his particular job, loves the life.

On the aerodrome itself, the fighter aircraft are drawn up, waiting for the signal to take off. They are Hurricanes and Spitfires, the fastest military aircraft in the world. Their fuel tanks are full and their armament is ready for instant use. Pilots sit at the controls in full flying kit. At the warning "raiders approaching" they will be off the ground in a matter of seconds, ready for a dog fight 5 miles high in the no-man's-land of the air.

Other pilots, at the "ready," will be found near their aircraft, but not actually in them. They have their fur-lined boots on and flying-suits and helmets close at hand. While waiting they do cross-words, play cards—split-pins take the place of money—or read. One flight-lieutenant reads law while waiting to spring into the cockpit of his 300-m.p.h. fighter. Another is studying aeronautical engineering.

The visitor will notice that all these pilots are young, usually between nineteen and twenty-three. The control of a modern fighting aircraft is best in young hands.

The older men, many of them with war-time flying records, form the ground staff. They look wistfully at their successors but their duties are just as important as those of the pilot, even if there is less glory. Only the flying personnel and those who have flown wear the coveted wings of the R.A.F., but the work done by the aircraftmen and technical officers, each highly skilled, is arduous. They see that machines are in first-class condition, that the guns are loaded, parachutes correctly folded. They provide the "safety first" element for the fighter pilot—until the enemy aircraft appear. Then it's up to the best man and the best aircraft.

Among the problems to be mastered is that of the "blind spot"—the vital area that every aircraft has and which cannot be defended. Pilots must know where it is on their own aircraft and on those of the enemy. The opinion is general that British fighters are more easily defended than their German counterparts.

Many a tremendous air battle has been fought out in the class-room with toy aeroplanes.

THE THREATENED NETHERLANDS

Belgium Clings to Her Neutrality but Her Heart is With the Allied Cause

WHEN you cross the Dutch frontier into Belgium you enter another neutral country—but with a difference, a heartening difference to the Englishman. I have often wondered why it is that in Holland one frequently has to reassure one's inner confidence. Now I know. In Holland, neutrality is not only a State conception, but an individual aspiration. The Dutch are a severely practical people—not easily roused. In Belgium it is different. In Belgium the heart speaks quickly, and the heart is with us.

I spent a night as the guest of a Belgian industrialist in one of those charming modern villas which have been built, during the last few years, among the woods of Braeschat.

"Neutral we are, and neutral we must be," said my host that night, "but what the Allies are fighting for is as dear to the heart of all good Belgians as to that of any liberty-loving and civilised people of the earth. Besides, our friends are our friends, and all the neutrality laws in the world can't alter that."

One of those friendly little policemen in tin hats, who stand in front of the Flemish Opera House in Antwerp—a handsome building that: what a handsome city Antwerp really is, if you look at it again, and as bright in its handsomeness as a newly-polished silver tea-pot—one of those little policemen was pointing out the tram that would take me to the harbour. Then, smiling, he said: "You are English, M'neer?"

"I am."

"Then let me thank you, M'neer, for coming to our help once again."

I suppose I looked surprised. Coming to Belgium's help?

"That's how we feel," he explained, with a certain smiling embarrassment. "You are fighting our battle, too. All Belgians know that."

Little wonder that at lunch, half an hour later, I treated myself to a bottle of good, congratulatory wine. I felt good. I wished I could have brought the little policeman in to share the bottle.

Part of the Belgian's confidence in the outcome of this war is due to his confidence in the security of his own frontiers. An invader from the east will be up against a proposition very different from that of 1914, and every Belgian knows it. The result is a singular lack of nervousness.

"Our neighbour Holland, it is, who will feel the draught this time," said one Belgian. It is a fairly general opinion. A friend of mine, a Belgian officer of the Reserve who was interned in Holland after the fall of Antwerp in 1914, and who now lives at Bruges, has a married daughter living in Holland. At the outbreak of war the daughter thought her father and mother would be safer, or at least more at ease, if they came to live with her in Holland. The father wrote back that the reverse was true. "I beg you," he wrote, "at the first sign of danger to come to Bruges. We feel ourselves much more secure than can be possible in vulnerable Holland."

One night a little while ago I stood at the Nord Station, Brussels, watching the frontier trains for a friend who was returning from Germany. You are never quite sure which train it will be. From every platform soldiers are being pushed off into the unknown. Little blue-bloused porters rush about like gnomes in a hailstorm. Loudspeakers bawl at you that train number so-and-so will be an hour late and train number so-and-so will come in at platform 10 instead of platform 7; and other trains are meanwhile roaring in and out of the station in what looks like the utmost confusion.

Actually, the Berlin train rides no more: you look in vain on the Nord Station at Brussels and on the Central at Amsterdam for the long, severe-looking Mitropa wagons with the dust of the German plain on their puce-coloured sides. Instead, you watch out for the frontier trains: there is sometimes a friend on one who has got as far as Hergenrath or Bentheim and changed on the other side of the boundary into a Belgian or Dutch train. "From Berlin to Hergenrath is like one long tunnel. Ah! It feels good to be in the light again!"

We scramble out of the Nord Station into wet air where the lights of Brussels swim like illuminated jelly-fish. The raindrops spurt up from the pavement with the venom of fangs from a million angry serpents. "Not much of a welcome for you," I said.

"Why, man, it's paradise: it's paradise just to know that that overcoated fellow against the lamppost doesn't care a hoot what we do; it's paradise to know that that policeman doesn't even look at me; it's paradise to know that I can buy *Le Soir* from the old hag at the corner and read some real news; it's paradise, above all, to know that you are taking me to the Rotisserie d'Ardennes to feed me up on good juicy meat and fresh, floury rolls!"

R. E.

BELGIUM CALM, BUT ON THE ALERT AGAINST ANY AGGRESSIVE MOVES

King Leopold takes a keen personal interest in the army and is constantly visiting vital points. Belgium has its own flood protection similar to that of Holland

THE NEW BELGIAN CABINET AT ITS FIRST MEETING IN BRUSSELS

During the early part of this month it was found advisable to reconstruct the Belgian Cabinet—the number of Ministers to be reduced to fourteen. M. Pierlot continues to occupy the position of Prime Minister in the reconstituted Cabinet, and M. Spaak continues to hold the portfolio for foreign affairs

HOLLAND ALSO IS ON THE QUI VIVE FOR ANY VIOLATION OF HER NEUTRALITY

The Dutch and Belgian frontiers were in a state of tension last week. Holland has been putting its military house in order vigorously. Here is a very useful weapon indeed passing through a Dutch village, the band playing to celebrate the occasion

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Gipsies Turn from Strawberries to Scrap-iron—Memory Tests and Books

ROMANY NEIGHBOURS.—Are gipsies good neighbours? As one who "marches" with a colony of gipsies, I say broadly "in my experience, yes." Gipsies as a race are rather like certain preying animals; the less law-abiding elements among them range far afield and are careful to be good neighbours to their immediate neighbours. True, law abiding or no, they all keep lurchers, and those clever dogs know no laws of real property nor regard fences or notice-boards. Our particular branch of the great family of the Mitchells, Hearnes, Lees, and other cadet branches of the Dukes of Egypt were four years ago strawberry growers *et praeterea nihil*. They inhabit a long strip of ground a quarter mile long on my boundary fence, and behind their shacks and caravans the beds of strawberry stretch up towards my bank. They are permanent structures, most of these shacks. Only the caravans are movable and these carry away half or more of the population of thirty souls every summer about strawberry time. Those that remain gather the home crop and market it among their neighbours.

Such was their trade until recent years when the demand for metal induced them to become scrap-brokers. Now their habitation is a vast dump of sorted scrap of all kinds contained in "chambers" made out of the crushed bracken. Any day you may see in their bracken garage as many as twenty motor cars, many looking quite new, and ranging from big Daimlers and Austins to trade vans and flivvers. It is knock, knock, knock, all day long as these vehicles are stripped to the chassis. Then there are great dumps of old cisterns, tanks and boilers; old fire-grates, guards, fenders and fire-irons; old pumps and baths; dumps of small scrap from rake-heads to roller-weights.

This gipsy camp is a problem for A.R.P. wardens and police. Seen from the air, it must look like a great military supply dump, with its score of glittering cars and its huge piles of material. At night it is as bright as oil can make it with naked lights. A shack or caravan is no doubt hard to black-out. The Hearnes and Mitchells and Lees utterly scorn any attempt at hiding their lights, and I can't say we have done much to persuade them. But, on the whole, they are good neighbours and their young folk, though very dirty, are beautiful as angels. But I preferred them as peace-time neighbours and strawberry growers.

THE WOMAN MILLER EMERGES FROM A DOORWAY OF ARCHITECTURAL INTEREST

Mrs. Dickinson, accompanied by her black-and-white collie, has just wheeled out a sack through a back door of her 200-year-old mill. Architects will note with interest the long-and-short stonework

THE WOMAN MILLER

Fifty-year-old Mrs. Isobel Dickinson attending to the main gear of a corn mill, which is over two hundred years old, in the picturesque valley at Thunderbridge, near Kirkburton, Yorkshire. At the mill, oats, corn and barley are crushed and ground for foodstuff for cattle, and Mrs. Dickinson does all the work herself, including the handling of heavy sacks. Local farmers have found the little mill is their salvation, as they have more corn than usual to grind and roll this year

"Things not Generally Known."—The experience of my life of fifty-odd years convinces me that knowledge is mined with a spade and pick-axe, not taken in with a jammy spoon. There is no easy way, no reading without tears. Nowadays, with universal radio and a surfeit of print, a banquet of knowledge is constantly placed before us, but in my experience it is a Barmecide's feast.

I waste some of my weekly recreational hours over cross-words and general knowledge papers and over expositions of current questions by expert broadcasters. But the information which comes to me thence on so many subjects has a butterfly's life and dies with the day. I am no wiser for these many delicious morsels of knowledge. Only what I have dug out for myself *sticks*, only the ore I mined for myself turns out to be of permanent gold value.

Let me take some examples of a week's harvest of knowledge. I learned this week of the origin of the "ell," or the yard, our standard measure. The word "ell" is derived from the Latin *ulna* (or arm), and the yard measure was by King Henry I decreed to be exactly the length of his own arm. Did you know that? Shall you know it next week? And will it much matter if you don't? Do you know that many of our commercial terms and usages originated with the Lombard or early Italian merchants who gained commercial control in England about 1250 and established themselves in Lombard Street in London? From them we get the word "cash" (*cassa*, the money chest); bank and bankrupt (*banco* and *banco rotto*); journal (*giornale*); £ s. d. (meaning *liri*, *soldi*, and *denari*); and "ditto" (which should be spelt *detto*).

Do you know the origin of the Sedan-chair? It appears that Sir Sanders Duncombe (God rest his soul!) saw one at Sedan on the Meuse and introduced them for public hire in Britain. But the gorgeous Duke of Buckingham anticipated him. During his tour of Spain (with Prince Charles (Charles I) who was in search of a wife) he saw one in Madrid and in 1623 he used one in the streets of London; soon they became the rage and produced riots between the chair men and disgruntled hackney coach men.

Do you know the origin of the word worsted? This product was first manufactured (temp. Henry II) at Worsted in Norfolk. And of blanket? Blankets were first made in 1340 by Mr. Thomas Blanket of Bristol. Do you know these facts (if facts they be)? And if you don't, are you the poorer? But such knowledge, even if ephemeral, is, you will admit, rather good fun.

The Magic Door.—Apropos to an article on books to read in war-time, a correspondent wrote to ask me what books had influenced me most in a lifetime of reading. It is a large question. Divided into sections, it would be difficult to answer. What type of book? What definition of influence? I cannot answer it, but I offer a contribution on some such lines. I will try to set down from memory some of the books of a lighter kind which, read for the first time as boy and man, struck me "all of a heap," helped to form in me a lifelong devotion to reading, and gave me a revelation of the divine power which belongs to literary genius.

Pride and Prejudice stands first. I first listened to it being read out when I was twelve. Since then I have read it at least twenty times, and now annually, and I find new revelations of art in it on every reading. Another is the first part of *John Inglesant* (and the last chapter of course). A third is Froude's *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*, which first inspired me with a love of history.

I am not broadly a Kiplingite, and *Puck o' Pook's Hill* stands alone. Its first revelations were tremendous. *Lorna Doone* had a great effect on me as a boy. I still read it but with a more critical eye. From all the works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, only *Esmond* remains in my memory as having delivered a knock-out. Of Stevenson, *The Master of Ballantrae*, read in manhood and for the third time, qualifies for my list.

To enlarge the issue. The revelation of Shakespeare's genius as playwright was first made known to me when I saw *Henry IV* (Part 2); and as poet by a schoolboys' open-air performance of *As You Like It*. Other plays and operas which hit me hardest and knocked me out read to-day as a curious medley, but I am not out to assess merit. *The Voysey Inheritance*, *Prunella*, *The Beggar's Opera*, *The Immortal Hour* (heard seventeen times), *She Stoops to Conquer*, and (oddly) *The Duenna* (Hammersmith production). I cannot read Tennyson now, but he certainly influenced me as a boy. So, too, did Byron. But the only poetry I can read now is Shakespeare's.

There's a little literary confession, which proves nothing, even about myself, for the moods and the ages in and at which those various works shed their strong influence over me are carefully withheld.

War's "One Good Thing."—I watched, the other afternoon, a great football match on our village recreation ground. It was between an eleven of local boys from public and village schools and a team of evacuees from a Walworth school. The London boys won. If any proof were needed that the youth of Britain is sound *at bottom*, the state of the ground gave that proof. It was frozen iron with knobs on and a north-east wind like a flail threshed across it, cutting and whipping the faces of the crowd. It was played with immense vigour and perfect goodwill and manners.

But what interested me most was to identify the almost unrecognisable London boys. Centuries ago, four months of war to be exact, I helped to receive and billet these boys on their arrival from London. Pale, white, tired, dirty, but cheerful, shrimps they appeared. And now? An eleven with the perfection of fitness in their every movement. Their own mothers would not and do not recognise them.

It was a living document for the close study of social workers and the medical profession. For these boys, one could almost bring oneself to say, the end of the war must be a tragedy.

J. G.

PERSONALITIES AND ACTIVITIES of the HOUR

THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT

A first commission arranged by the Artists' Advisory Committee. General Ironside is sitting at his desk in the War Office, while Mr. Eric Kennington, the well-known sculptor and painter, puts the finishing touches to his portrait

AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO THE LATE SIR FRANK BENSON

Outside St. Martin-in-the-Fields Mr. Leslie Banks stopped to talk to Mr. Robert Atkins, producer of the Regent's Park open-air plays

MAKING COMFORTS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY AT LADY MELCHETT'S HOME

This scene in a room in Lowndes Square shows Lady Melchett (seated by the dog) with her helpers, all busily engaged in knitting comforts for the French troops

GODDAUGHTER OF THE KING OF GREECE CHRISTENED AT PRINCES GARDENS, KENSINGTON

Georgina Julia, a Greek baby born in London, had King George of Greece for godfather and a special chapel for the christening at her home in Princes Gardens, Kensington. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Argenti. Her father is an attaché at the Greek Legation

THE COURTAULD WEDDING AT HOLY TRINITY, KENSINGTON

Mr. W. Peter Courtauld of Halstead, Essex, was married last week to Miss Fay Cook, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Caldwell Cook, Gerrards Cross. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. S. A. Courtauld

MARJORIE BROWNE, "PRINCESS BEAUTY" IN THE PALACE THEATRE, MANCHESTER, PANTOMIME

The pretty princess has just awakened from her sleep in time for the Variety Artistes Pantomime Ball held last week

A reindeer sledge with a high prow and back-board at the stern outside a Lapp tent

A small canoe-shaped sledge pulled by a young reindeer

Scattered over Lapland there are numberless reindeer herds which provide a means of transport in the tundra lands. The novice would find the reindeer a trying animal to handle. The Lapps start accustoming them to the sledge when about two years old, but at first they are very wild. When broken in they can easily pull a load of 300 lb., travelling at an average speed of 8 m.p.h. over the rough, frozen ground. The sledges used vary considerably. There is the *pulka*, used for passenger travel. It is shaped like a canoe, some 7 ft. in length, 1 ft. 7 ins. in breadth, with a depth of 5½ ins., rising at the back, or stern, to a height of 1½ ft. The novice is not likely to forget his first ride in a *pulka*. The deer invariably start off with a rush as if they were frightened. As a result, the sledge swerves this way and that owing to the rough surface, and to prevent it overturning, you have to throw your weight quickly on one side or the other as necessity requires; otherwise, you will find yourself prostrate in the snow with the *pulka* on its side and your steed trying to chastise you for your carelessness by striking at you with his hoofs. The Lapps use no stick or whip, controlling the deer by the reins and oral commands. Should a reindeer get out of control he is driven off the track into deep snow, when the extra weight pulls the animal up and has the effect of quietening it. In addition to the *pulka* there are the larger sledges used for carrying goods. If these are heavily loaded the Lapp will run alongside on skis. The usual rate of travel on long-distance excursions is from 25 to 35 miles a day if the welfare of the animal is to be considered. At the same time surprising records have been made in long-distance travel and also in speed tests. Indeed, for short journeys the deer can outrun a dog or a horse. At an annual reindeer fair in Alaska two deer, pulling a sledge and driver, made 5 miles in 14 mins. 32 secs., and 10 miles in 27 mins. 20 secs.

A reindeer sleigh raised on runners; the body is of open lattice-work

THE LAPPS: Their Reindeer and Sledges

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BEVERLEY BAXTER'S VIVID PEN PORTRAITS

Including the First Lord of the Admiralty — A Contemporary Study of Jewish Family Life

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER is a Canadian and a journalist, two things which never cease to delight him. He is also a Conservative Member of Parliament, which also pleases him, since he is thereby in touch with all the notable persons in public life and is able to be present at those occasions in the elected assembly which journalists love to call Historic, Momentous, or Dramatic.

The full use which Mr. Baxter makes of such opportunities is set forth in the column by "Atticus" in the *Sunday Times*, and in those pronouncements which appear under his own name in others of Lord Kemsley's newspapers. Very good journalism they are, too, for Mr. Baxter has a lively pen and with it can make dull men interesting and strike scintillating sparks from the brilliant.

If MEN, MARTYRS AND MOUNTEBANKS (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is reminiscent of the author's already published pieces on the same men and the same events, it is none the worse for that. For Mr. Baxter is at his best when he is reporting; a far more difficult art than most people imagine. It is not merely a gift for descriptive writing. Most editors can confirm that some world famous novelists have made shocking reporters. Nor do skilled reporters always rise to the occasion when strong personalities are concerned with occasions which sometimes overawe the best of them. Not so Mr. Baxter. The more dramatic the scene, the more brilliant the speaker, the more he revels in his interpretation. Take, for instance, the occasion when Mr. Winston Churchill made his first full report to the House of Commons as First Lord of the Admiralty.

"We watched him with particular interest for reasons that can be easily understood. For the last four years and longer he had been the *enfant terrible* of Westminster, the principal prosecutor, the outlaw, the advocate, the jury and the innocent spectator.

"There had been times when his popularity zoomed to the stratosphere, and there had also been notable occasions when the House had treated him to an astonishing descensus. He was the man of climax and anti-climax. No one doubted his brilliance but there was a legend that he lacked judgment. He possessed devoted followers and a host of critics, but no enemies. Somewhere in his make-up was a basic vein of magnanimity which saved his victims from discomfiture, and himself from the consequences of his own impetuosity.'

Yes, that is good reporting; something which goes to the heart of the subject without wasting words and puts over a purely personal opinion as an accepted truth.

So it is with the rest of the men, martyrs and mountebanks which come under Mr. Baxter's review. In every case he collars the show by sheer readability, never steering far from popular opinion; the ideal contemporary historian for the man in the street.

Miss Joanna Cannan's IDLE APPRENTICE (Gollancz. 8s. 3d) is the first of this week's batch of novels. It concerns a good-looking young man, the only son of an impoverished county family who, like many others of his age, has neither a job nor prospects. He has tried working as a car salesman, as a manufacturer's agent, and as a "temporary" in the B.B.C., but a lack of real interest and ambition, rather than incompetence, has been his undoing in each case, and when the story opens he is back at home waiting for something to turn up, and, unlike Mr. Micawber, doing a little desultory horse-coping to keep his hand in.

So much for Boy. Girl is a very different proposition. She is the daughter of a local magnate who has moved into the country to give his family the social background he can now afford for them. This worthy scheme is foiled, however, by the county, who turn unexpectedly sticky and refuse to call. At this point Boy meets Girl and—of all things—they fall in love. Boy next loses Girl; he has no income and cannot propose to her without some hope of security to offer her, and for her part she is already engaged to a howling cad in her father's factory.

The young man, his name is Andrew Middleton, decides to try his luck once more in the big city and after a time lands a job as car and general bottle-washer in an odorous London mews. From there he graduates to a small part in a seaside repertory company and during their season takes time off to write a play, which is a success. And what then? Oh well, then, Boy gets Girl.

It is a pleasant performance of Miss Cannan's, and quite a commendable feat these days to write a novel, or indeed *any* book from a mathematical calculus to a shopping guide, without raising issues of international importance.

Mr. Richard Ullmann takes a far less pacific view, and THE KAHN'S PROGRESS (Faber and Faber. 8s. 3d.) attacks boldly if light-heartedly the problem of the social differences between orthodox Jews and their non-Jewish contemporaries. His Jewish family live in Hampstead and are rich, more or less home-loving and blessed with the impressive number of relations which always seems, to outsiders, one of the most characteristic of Jewish traits.

Being comfortably situated, theirs is not a story of oppression, or would not seem to be until they are nearing the end of their stay in a Dorset guest house. The place is charming and its inhabitants a friendly and rather attractive group who settle down, with a few exceptions, to the task of sharing their amusements with the Kahns, after a first start of surprise at such an exotic intrusion into their peaceful holiday.

One of the Kahn boys falls in love with a beautiful young girl, the daughter continues to plan for her marriage to a gifted young musician, and the Old Man buys a local property, that being his business, for £5,000 less than its price.

There remain those exceptions of whom I spoke, and who with the perfect Fascist outlook, object to the presence of Jews in their Eden. They are cold, they mutter in corners, and finally one of them is the cause of a nearly fatal accident to Kahn's daughter. That is or should be the climax of the story. Certainly, it is at that point that the reader's possibly wavering sympathies veer round once and for all to the Kahn family, but the accident proves nothing, either to the Jews or their detractors, and the story is a little lame from that moment.

Mr. Ullmann has had the strength of mind not to make his Kahns an irresistibly attractive bunch. The old father is impossible, and one's main regret is that the threatened stroke never catches him up in the middle of one of his tirades. One son is as flashy and cynical as the unkindest caricature could make him, and the mother never reaches a higher plane than a lumpish devotion to her own flesh and blood.

But they live, and they are worth studying, as people met in a train are worth consideration. The train leaves them at their destination and we go on to ours, but the hour or two has been pleasantly passed, and we have the agreeable feeling that we know just that much more about human nature.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco's novel is a story of exquisites, exquisitely told. For twenty years we have been learning to accept the realist school of fiction and to appreciate it even at its most monosyllabic. In that period many elegant, crisp, tinkling little books have been born as well, most of them to die of neglect, and it is just possible that THE ROMANTIC (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.) might have suffered the same fate if it had not been for the shafted and utterly sophisticated wit that informs it.

The world in which Princess Bibesco's characters have their being is a world of English country houses and of the Ritz in Paris. Indeed at one moment the author's ephemeral little plot nearly collapes under a eulogy addressed to that emperor of *maitres d'hotel*, Olivier of the Ritz, but recovers in time to provide a *dénouement* worthy of the most romantic of ladies.

It is as dangerous to quote an amusing line as to rely on the stimulating properties of Tuesday's hash, but this book contains one or two phrases that Saki himself might have enjoyed; phrases to which the reader must add his own experience. A Captain Hyslop (a natural Blimp), on meeting an old Russian countess at dinner, tells her with some triumph that he has bought a book about her country. "I have bought it and I mean to read it,"—a strong man, not to be beaten by a mere book.

Simenon is known as the French Edgar Wallace, but his likeness to that redoubtable author ends with the scale of his output. Simenon turns out a novel per month and a large and grateful French public have come to ask for the current Simenon as simply as they would ask for an inevitable monthly magazine. Edgar Wallace, too, had a prodigious annual record and both writers were happily absorbed in the pursuit and detection of crime and criminals.

The analogy goes no farther, for whereas Edgar Wallace dealt in shocks and thrills as much as in intricate mysteries, Simenon offers his readers the mysteries, but lets his detectives depend on elucidation of character more than clues in solving each story's problem.

MAIGRET TRAVELS SOUTH (Routledge. 8s. 3d.) is excellent money's worth since in one volume there are two complete Simenons, one concerned with M. Maigret's exploits at Bergerac, and one with his sleuthing at Antibes. The second is possibly the better story, but I thoroughly enjoyed them both and recommend them very heartily. M. Simenon has been admirably served by his translator, Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury, and his book gave me a great nostalgia, if not for murder, at least for the south-west of France in which his amiable little detective finds food so much to his liking.

AMID THE CALM OF HILLSIDE AND TARN

LAKELAND AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR—SKATERS ENJOYING THE SHARP FROST BELOW SKIDDAW

Tewfit Tarn beneath Skiddaw's vast bulk presented a pleasant sight to the eye. The lucky local inhabitants took advantage of the freezing of the tarn. High up above, the crest of the great hill was dusted with snow

A BUSY SCENE IN THE FOREST OF DEAN, WHERE A NUMBER OF TREES ARE BEING FELLED

The Home Grown Timber Control of the Forestry Commission thin out British woodlands when circumstances require it. Now there is a demand for pit props and so this scene of activity in the county of Gloucester

PARTITIONING THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Those Who Would Split the R.A.F. Between the Army and the Navy

The War in the Air, described by CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

THE controversy on the subject of the Army and its air force, air service, flying corps, or whatever it wants to call it, seems to be raging beneath the surface, with only a few wisps rising to the open air in the form of letters to the press—rather like a fire in a ship's hold—but let us hope that it will not burst into open flame and do serious damage. The whole thing ought to be arrangeable quite easily.

The extremists, who may not be as dangerous as they sound, demand that the R.A.F. shall be completely cut up between the Navy and the Army. They want the coastal patrols to go bodily to the Navy and everything else to pass over to the Army. Then there would be no more Air Force as such, and the operations of the Air Force would be subordinated entirely to the requirements and the ideas of sailors and soldiers, some of whom may have some conception of what air war means, but most of whom certainly have not.

One of the most extreme and badly-argued letters came from a distinguished general officer, who made the shattering statement that air war as such, separate from the Army and the Navy, cannot exist. If one wanted to be an extremist on the other side one might argue, as a very air-minded and experienced Army officer has argued often in years past, that the Navy is a transport service, that the Army is a holding service, and that the Air Force is the real fighting service. By a little stretch of the imagination one can imagine such a state of affairs coming to pass, or at any rate operating in certain forms of warfare.

The Army extremists have evidently forgotten that illuminating phrase invented by Sir Samuel Hoare somewhere about 1923–4 when the High Command in Mesopotamia, now called Iraq, was handed over from the Army to the Air Force, and Air Marshal Sir John Salmond was sent to Iraq as Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces. Most of the Army, which consisted of several divisions, was sent home, mainly to India, and a couple of battalions, plus some Assyrian levies, were all the ground force which Sir John retained—merely to keep order in the bigger cities.

The Air Force did all that was needed to keep the turbulent desert tribes in order and stop them from raiding the peaceful cultivators as Cain raided Abel. Sir Samuel Hoare called that kind of work "control without occupation."

Three years later the Aden Protectorate was likewise put under the command of the Air Force and air war without ground support was waged against that interesting old gentleman the Zaidi Imam Wawa of Sana, a chieftain-priest who lived on top of a mountain and used to raid the cultivators of Mocha, where the coffee comes from, and the caravans which passed alongside his territory into the interior. The result was that our bombers had to climb to 8,000 ft. to drop bombs on villages 800 ft. below them. After a little of that the Imam promised to be good and the cultivators of Mocha and the caravanners were allowed to live in peace.

As a side issue, we adopted three or four years ago that fertile strip of land which forms the south coast of Arabia eastward from Aden, facing the Indian Ocean, which is known as the Hadramaut. It was about the last piece of ground on the earth's surface which had not yet been adopted by one of the major Powers. Incidentally it is the only place where frankincense grows, so we have become the monopolists of that material.

Those are two instances in a very small way of how the Air Force can conduct a war entirely on its own merely with small ground forces to hold fixed points. And similar wars on a gigantic scale might be fought between great Powers.

Palestine was also made an Air Force Command, but conditions there were quite different. There was nobody at a distance to be hit by bombs or chased round with machine-guns. All the fighting was done on the spot. The Air Force in Palestine and Trans-Jordan had been useful before that in keeping King Ibn Saud's Wahabi raiders on their own deserts, but you cannot use the Air Force to stop internal riots at Wailing Walls or to stop people behind rocks from bombing or sniping motor-buses on arterial highways. So the Army had to take command, and the Air Force was only called upon for special work. But it was very useful in scouting around the hilly country looking for bands of men which looked like accidents going somewhere to happen.

So far as the British Expeditionary Force in France is concerned it has, for practical purposes, a very nice air force of its own. It has all the Army Co-operation squadrons under Air Vice-Marshal Charles Blount, composed entirely of personnel who have been trained to work with the Army as artillery observers, ground strafers, short-range scouts, low-down or short-distance photographers, ground strafers with guns and bombs, and pickers-up of messages from isolated air units. The Westland Lysander, which was designed specially for this job, is just about as near being a helicopter or an Autogiro as any fixed-wing aeroplane can be.

Besides these squadrons there are the heavy bombers, Armstrong-Whitworth Whitleys and such, under Air-Vice-Marshal P. H. L. Playfair, and their complement of Hawker Hurricane single-seat fighters, so that if and when war breaks out between the Maginot Line and the German West Wall, commonly known as the Siegfried Line, there will be plenty of bombers to carry very heavy loads short distances, and plenty of fighters to escort and protect them.

But the old-fashioned Army people who used to throw away tens of thousands of men against uncut barbed wire have to get out of their heads the idea that aeroplanes with men in them can be treated simply as long-range shells and poured over enemy lines without hope of getting back. Air war is not run that way.

All of this R.A.F. detachment is under the command of Air Marshal A. S. Barratt, C.B., C.M.G., M.C., who, like his two subordinate commanders, was a regular soldier before the outbreak of war in 1914, and was brought up in the tradition of the old Regular Army, which is admitted by Army people of all nations to have been the finest army the world has ever seen—only, thanks to Britain's historical hatred of preparedness, there was not enough of it.

So far I have seen no official announcement about the proposition which was put forward a good many weeks ago that, as the French Generalissimo, General Gamelin, is in command of all Allied Forces on the ground, a British Generalissimo should be appointed to command all Allied Forces in the air. We may assume that Air Marshal Barratt and the bomber, fighter, and Army Co-operation machines at present in France are in effect part and parcel of the British Expeditionary Force, and all come under Lord Gort, C.-in-C. British Army in France, for operations, though they are under the Air Ministry for administration. They are, in fact, on a vastly bigger scale, much in the position of divisional cavalry.

From which we may conclude that they would not enter into the argument if a Generalissimo of the Air were appointed to command offensive operations by all the Allied Air Forces apart altogether from the Army in the field and the Fleet at sea.

If we may judge by what has been published about £120,000,000 being spent on a training scheme for pilots and air crews in Canada, under Air Vice-Marshal Croil of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and by what has appeared in Australian papers about the number of Australians and New Zealanders who are to be trained there and sent direct to France or to this country without having to cross both the Pacific and the Atlantic, we look like having an Imperial Air Force within a year or so which would be far too big to be regarded in any way as under the command of the Army.

In fact, if the schemes which are already in hand ever have to be developed to their full extent we shall have an Air Force which will be far too big to operate over any war area in which mere ground armies were operating.

Already in this country we are beginning to see how easily the air can be overcrowded. Naturally one may not mention how many thousands or tens of thousands of pilots are flying about this country on any fine day. But we do know that before war was declared the number of pilots who had taken their ordinary Aviators' Certificates from the Royal Aero Club was well over the 10,000 mark. Some of them are dead and a lot of them gave up flying years ago, but if one remembers that very few R.A.F. pilots take the trouble to apply for Aero Club certificates, or only do so because they are thinking of taking up air transport as a profession on leaving the R.A.F., one begins to visualise the number of pilots there are in this country already.

When one adds to that the thousands more who propose to come from the British Dominions, then one understands that the air over the British Isles would be much too small to hold them, even if they infringed the neutrality of Eire—where apparently a British officer may fly if he is in civilian clothes and is flying a civil aeroplane with civil markings, but is liable to be interned in what is supposedly part of the British Empire (I ask you) if he happens to land in a shadow-shaded aeroplane and in uniform.

Talking of Air Forces from the Dominions, somebody in official places evidently forgot when the first contingent of Australian Air Force arrived, that there is in London a certain Major Henry Petre, D.S.O., who taught the first Australian Army aviators to fly in 1913, and took the first Australian squadron to war in Mesopotamia in May, 1915. He is a lawyer in a good way of business and has for years been one of the leaders of the gliding and soaring movement in this country. But we may as well remember that he was the first officer who commanded Australian aviators in war. So far as I can discover, the only other survivor of that first Australian squadron is Air Vice-Marshal Williams, who was for a time Air Officer Commanding the Royal Australian Air Force and was recently in England, attached to the R.A.F. for a refresher course.

BRITAIN'S SECRET PLANE REVEALED

The new "hush-hush" plane, the Boulton Paul *Defiant*, which is equipped with a four-gun turret, the guns of which are all sighted simultaneously. This picture has just been released for publication although it was taken some months ago and shows Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, inspecting the machine

ALL OVER INDIA THEY ARE WORKING FOR THE TROOPS

LADY COLERIDGE ACTS AS CHAIRMAN TO A WORKING PARTY, ONE OF MANY IN INDIA

The Women's War Dressings Depot in Rawalpindi meet twice weekly to make dressings and comforts for troops on the frontier and overseas. This work party is one of many in the Northern Command, India, the chairman of committee directing the women's activities throughout this large area being Lady Coleridge, wife of Sir John Coleridge, G.O.C., Northern Command

THE CALCUTTA SCOTTISH ARE INSPECTED IN CALCUTTA BY THE VICEROY

Lord Linlithgow is here seen shaking hands with the officers of the regiment, whom he afterwards entertained to tea

ANOTHER WORKING PARTY BUSILY KNITTING AT AMRITSAR

There is a tremendous output of scarves and sweaters at Amritsar, where a number of ladies regularly meet together for this kindly work. The organiser is Mrs. Macfarquhar, wife of the settlement officer at Amritsar

A STRANGE SIGHT TO EUROPEANS THIS WINTER—RACE-GOERS WATCHING A FINISH FROM AMONG FLOWERS

His Excellency Sir Henry Craik, Governor of the Punjab, was watching a race at Lahore, India, with some companions when this surprisingly summerish picture was taken

PHILIP PAGE on the THEATRE . . .

Dictators Boring on the Stage and off — The Lovableness of the Northern Dialect

CINDERELLA AND THE DEVOTED BUTTONS IN THE LONDON COLISEUM PANTOMIME

Joan Cole makes a very welcome singing Cinderella and Leslie Sarony a pleasing Buttons

THE BARON WITH THE TWO JEALOUS SISTERS IN THE PALACE SCENE IN "CINDERELLA"

Leslie Holmes, the Baron, has trouble with his two elder daughters, acted by Joan Fred-Emney and Doris Fred-Emney, who give the parts their full traditional flavour

SOME PLAYS TO SEE IN THE BLACK-OUT	
COLISEUM	"Cinderella"
GLOBE	"The Importance of Being Earnest"
HIS MAJESTY'S	"Funny Side Up"
QUEEN'S	"All Clear Revue"
STRAND	"Spotted Dick"

SPRITELY AND DEBONAIR IS THE YOUNG BLACK-AND-SILVER PRINCE IN FRANCIS LAIDLER'S PANTOMIME AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

Patricia Burke generously conveys all the charm necessary for the part of the Prince, and demonstrates the great capabilities of this young actress. She makes a particularly pretty figure in this ballroom scene

A GOOD many people—and I am inclined to agree with them—are of opinion that just as real dictators are diabolical nuisances on the stage of European politics so are imitation ones an infernal bore on the actual stage of a theatre. I have not counted how many stage-Hitlers I have seen in London plays, revues, etc., since the outbreak of war (Bernard Shaw was the first in the field with one in peace-time in his *Geneva*) but it must run into at least a score, apart from references innumerable.

The latest idea is to make Hitler a lovable little chap with a Lancashire accent. For it is another war-time stage convention that this accent must connote lovableness and the whole essence of being a good sort. Miss Gracie Fields has a good deal to answer for.

Follow my Leader at the Apollo Theatre shows the aforesaid Lancastrian Hitler—a pathetically inoffensive little plumber in the imaginary state of Moronia—put up by a fat man (who is obviously meant to be Göring) and a thin man (who may be Goebbels) as a puppet leader of their party. They dress him up in uniforms, write his speeches for him, and tell him when and how to give the Nazi salute. He already has the familiar wisp of hair and the Charlie Chaplin moustache.

It was pretty obvious from the beginning that the worm would turn; being rather a nice little worm he defied his nasty mentors, made an amiable speech to the mob instead of delivering a spate of raucous fierceness, and showed the ruler of a foreign state that he wasn't in the least aggressive, that he did not want to march into another country, or to go to war with anyone. And that was that, and the curtain fell on an evening of mild fun.

If this satire had been so devastatingly witty, so withering in its references, such a riot of non-stop amusement that there could have been no time left to ponder on the doubtful wisdom of making Hitler a figure of fun at all—not, of course, that such a process is blasphemous but because we are so dead sick of the fellow in any guise—all would have been well, even possibly the astonishing course of letting a stage dictator scoop up all the sympathy. But *Follow My Leader* is funny only in spots and in infrequent spots at that.

The best scenes of all are in the last act, among them a conversation between the "leader" (Mr. Reginald Beckwith who came with a reputation from the Gate Theatre revue and has enhanced it) and that polished actor, Mr. Athole Stewart, as the bored King of Neurasthenia, and a far too brief appearance of Mr. Marcus Barron as a very British type of Tory politician.

The general run of humour is rather obvious, however, with the medals, uniforms, champagne swilling and avoirdupois of Göring (Mr. Francis L. Sullivan), the snarling bad temper of Mr. Walter Hudd, and the jokes about bombs which go astray—and I don't think bombs are particularly funny in any circumstances. Feminine interest is almost non-existent, but Miss Eileen Peel plays with neat charm the thankless part of a journalist looking for a good story. Which is what, perhaps, some of the audience were doing.

"As You Are."—From certain of my preceding remarks it may be gathered that accents make the heart grow fonder. Always providing, of course, that they are North Country accents. Most people in the cast of *As You Are* at the Aldwych Theatre talked broad Lancashire. It may, of course, have been narrow Lancashire, though that is a lingo of which I have never heard. It may even have been Yorkshire, for the subtle distinctions of Bah-goomdom elude me, dreadful though that confession may be. Anyhow, someone talked about Manchester, so all may be well.

The important point is that they were all very lovable, even when Mr. Pearson, who was in the silk trade, had a row with his pretty wife and threatened to finish up the evening at t' poob. Even the mother-in-law, who joined fiercely in the fray, was probably a reet good sort at heart, though, well as Miss Elliot Mason played the part, I could have thrown a Bury pudding at her. What is more important still is that this is a lovable play in a homely domestic way and that it has plenty of rich comedy in it. This is in the matter of repartee rather than situation; rarely has a play contained so many smart back-answers which are at the same time witty ones.

Mrs. Pearson, it seems, had brighter and more modern ideas as to what was smart and up-to-date in the matter of ladies' underwear than did her husband (which was possibly a proof of the poor man's fidelity). So she went up to London and told the head of his firm that everything about that firm was old-fashioned. That, indirectly and after sundry adventures, brought a happy ending and the firm's cheque to save the Pearsons' Lancashire (Yorkshire?) home from disaster; for the broker's men (comic, and, of course, lovable) were in possession.

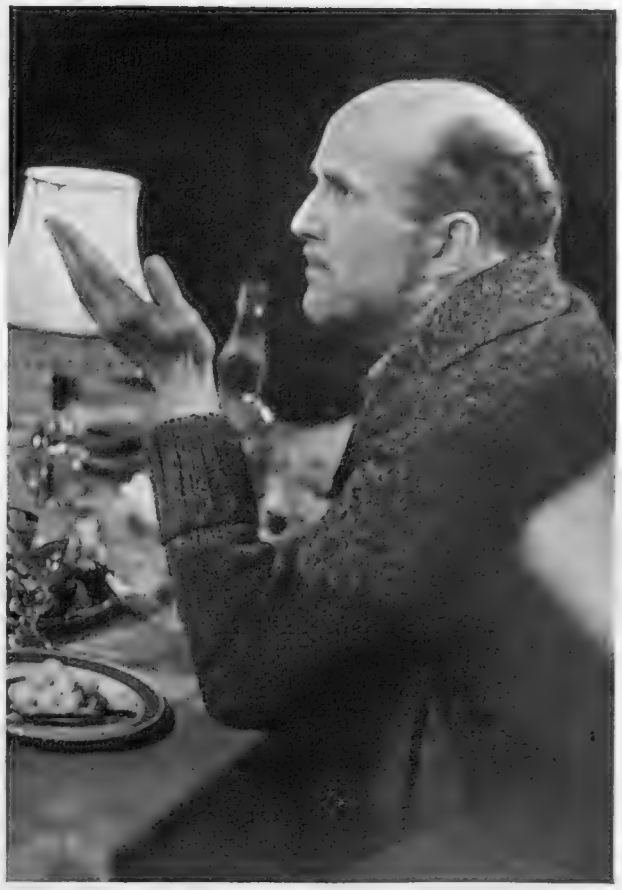
Mr. Edward Chapman is an adept at the Northern lingo, which I have heard him use on the stage before. Miss Diana Churchill in the earlier scenes had to disguise her attractive self with a dark wig and, of course, *the* accent.

PORTRAIT OF A PRINCE

Patricia Burke is having her portrait painted by Mr. James Proudfoot, the well-known artist. She is portrayed in the striking ballroom costume in black and silver

THE FILM STUDIOS REOPEN

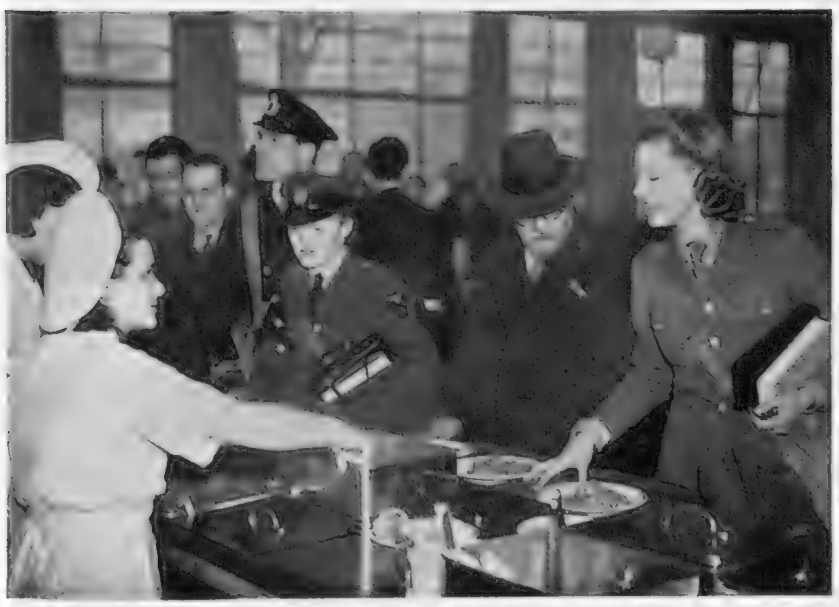
Busy Scenes at Denham Where Filming is in Full Swing



Michael Powell directs Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson while they are lunching in a Danish restaurant during the filming of *Contraband* which will give 1,500 working days to extras, small part players and technicians. The giant studios were reopened about a fortnight ago and have been alive again with all the bustle of film making

The film *Contraband* deals with Britain's mastery of the sea and one of the sets shows a Danish restaurant. The special food, which is very intricate, took three days to prepare and arrange

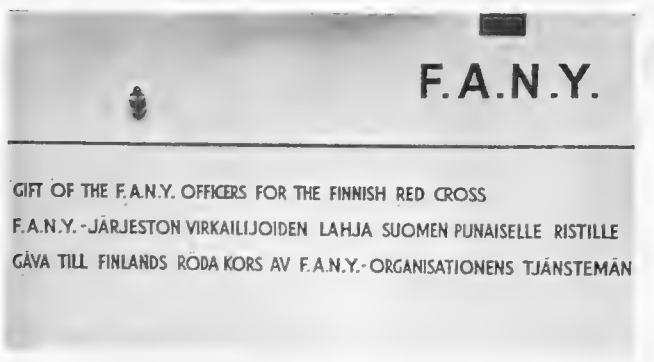
Crowds of extras are once again pouring into Denham studios as the result of Mr. John Corfield's initiative. Here some of them are seen relaxing, but they are all in position and can instantly resume when this setting is again being shot



The Victoria Station scenes were being shot when this picture was taken. Conrad Veidt is seen standing in left centre. *On the left* is a fortunate study of some of the extras selecting their lunch in the studio canteen during an interval. Some of these part-time players had been unemployed since the outbreak of war

HELP FOR FINLAND: H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, inspecting a unit of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry of the Red Cross with their ambulances prior to their departure for Finland. The ambulances are drawn up outside the residence of M. George Gripenberg, the Finnish Minister

COMFORT IN THE COLD: Every member of the F.A.N.Y. who is being sent to Finland will take men's underclothes with her in her kit, she will wear two pairs of these at a time, heavy woollen socks, an eight-ply wool sweater, ski-ing trousers, and a loose jacket of double Grenfell cloth with hood



IN THREE LANGUAGES: Each ambulance shows on the sides by whom the vehicle was presented

RELIEVING FINLAND'S SUFFERING

Members of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Ready to Leave for the Battle Front

Twenty F.A.N.Y. girls are shortly to brave the dangers of the Finnish battle front with its Arctic cold and constant air attacks, in order to tend the wounded and thus aid the Finns to win their fight against Soviet aggression. The girls are taking with them a number of motor ambulances fitted with the most modern equipment.

THE PETROL WORLD

THE MOTOR TRADE'S WAR-TIME ENTERPRISE

The Announcement of a New 8-h.p. Ford—More Cars for the Overseas Markets

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE three important subjects to deal with in this week's notes, two of them quite pleasant to dwell upon and the third just the reverse. The war has had a very sad effect on motoring in general and most of our manufacturers, even if they could get supplies, are not quite certain to what extent they should carry on their production of cars. No one certainly expected a new model to be announced with every likelihood of it being produced in large numbers, yet the Ford Motor Company who have always had a reputation for energetic action have now produced a new 8 h.p. Ford Saloon to be known as the Anglia. To be so enterprising in war-time is a matter on which the Ford Company are to be congratulated and, secondly, it is highly satisfactory to realise that the Government are releasing the supplies necessary for the manufacture of this car.

No doubt the Army will absorb many of these new Anglias and the overseas markets are sure to be interested. The makers claim that this new 8 h.p. saloon is especially suitable for present conditions as it combines roomy bodywork and other large car features with petrol economy, low tax and small running costs. Particular attention has been paid to the demand for interior space. The bodywork provides exceptional width, leg-room and head-room when it is remembered that only an 8 h.p. engine is installed. At the rear a large separate luggage compartment with an outside door is provided.

In addition to turning out a really satisfactory car the Ford people usually manage to give us a vehicle which is impressive to look upon and attractive, and the new model is no exception. The front seats are of the body-conformity type, constructed on tubular steel frames and the spacious accommodation for the rear passengers is obtained without the inconvenience of foot-wells. As usual, much attention has been given to the production of a neat distinctive instrument panel. This is mounted centrally on a full width dash composed of plastic material and below is situated a deep shelf running the full width of the car on which can be accommodated light parcels, gloves, etc.

The equipment includes dual windscreen wipers, chromium finished, and incorporating a reserve vacuum tank which gives improved operation. The saloon de luxe is still more fully equipped and includes self-cancelling direction indicators of the concealed type, a sun vizor, roof light, rear blind, and an electric clock. As an optional extra a sliding roof can be provided on this model.

The new car is, of course, developed from previous 8 h.p. Ford cars, and it does not surprise one, therefore, to notice that many of the old well-proved features are retained. At the same time the car is definitely more impressive and larger than were previous models, and, in particular, the frontal and rear views of the car have been completely changed and made more impressive.

The engine has four cylinders with side valves and a cubic capacity of 933 cc. The gear-box provides three forward speeds with silent second and synchromesh engagement. The brakes are of the self-energised type, and the suspension is carried out by the well-known Ford transverse springs acting in conjunction with hydraulic shock absorbers. The prices of the new car are: saloon, £126; and the saloon de luxe, £136.

The second pleasant item to record is that the exports of British-made cars to the overseas markets is reported to be at the rate of 300 per week, a number which is greatly in excess of that for the same period twelve months ago. It is certainly gratifying to learn from these figures that the Government are evidently alive to the fact that our export trade must not only be maintained but even increased.

If the overseas business in cars carries on in the same satisfactory way throughout the period of hostilities, the British motor trade will stand in a very much better position when the war is over than it did in 1919. During the last Great War our export in cars came to a complete standstill and it took us many years to get back into the markets which we had lost to our competitors.

The third subject on which comment must be made is the appalling casualty lists of our roads. It is a shocking thought that twice the number of people should lose their lives on the roads of this country since war broke out than have been killed in the Services by enemy action. As I doubt whether more than 50 per cent. of the number of motor vehicles registered on September 3, 1939, are now being used the figures are even more shattering. Not only that but the number of pedestrians on our streets, particularly during the hours of darkness, are much less than in normal times. The Government must do something and do it quickly. The first obvious measure to be adopted is one of the control of pedestrians. I do not wish to suggest that the pedestrian is having an easy time, for I believe that he finds it just as difficult to get along from one place to another as does the motorist.

The car driver is controlled, but this has little good effect so long as other road users are permitted to do what they please. It seems an extraordinary thing that any individual imbued with an average amount of common sense cannot realise that he is practically invisible if he attempts to cross the road under present conditions. He or she can see the lights of an approaching vehicle, but the driver of that vehicle most likely cannot see the pedestrian. People on foot must be made to wear something white during black-out hours, and their crossing of streets in busy towns and cities should be controlled by regulations. Hand torches, where used, should not be allowed to be flashed above the horizontal, and they should be obscured in some manner or other.

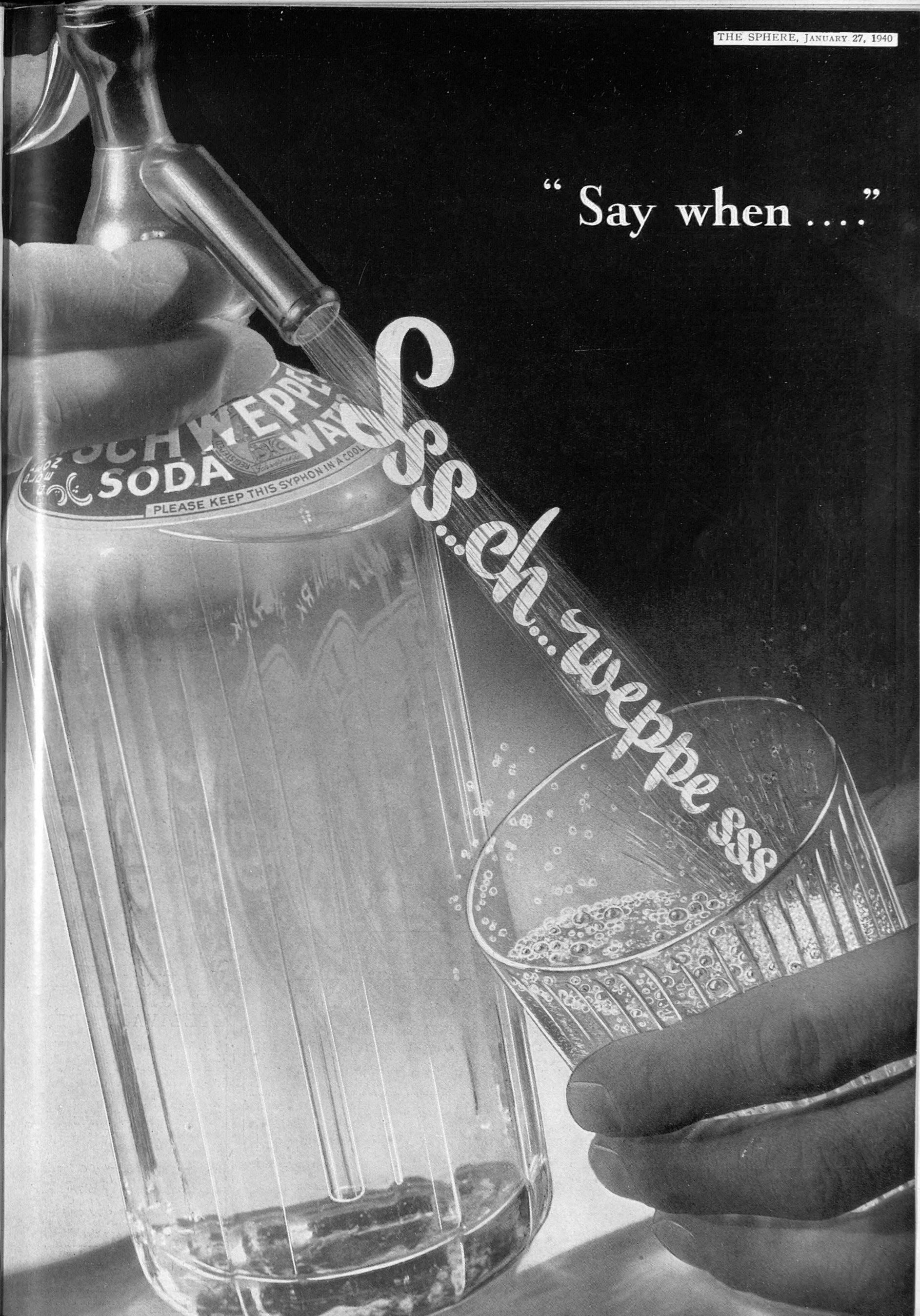
Motorists are far from blameless, for, as I have said on many previous occasions, a great number of them have literally made no attempts whatever to obscure their lamps in accordance with the existing lighting regulations. Their inaction may permit them to see better, but it definitely blinds every other driver who has to approach them, thereby increasing very considerably the risk of accidents.

Following representations made by His Majesty's Minister to Uruguay, Mr. E. Millington Drake, arrangements have been made by the British Council to replace German engines and other units used for instruction purposes at the Uruguayan Technical College, with British products. Rootes Limited have supplied free of charge Hillman Minx, Hillman "14" h.p. and Humber 16 h.p. engines complete with gear boxes and have supported inland freight and service costs.

No expense will be incurred by the Technical College. The packers cased the goods gratis, the shipping company carried them free to Montevideo, and Rootes Distributors in Uruguay will pay clearance charges and customs duties. The importance of the South American markets to this country is well recognised. As a result of this effort it is hoped that Uruguayan students now receiving instruction on British-built units will become enthusiasts for the British motor industry's products.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The "National Service" carried on by the above Society is in urgent need of funds. One of the many branches of this Society's work of caring for 1,165 poor children is the training of poor boys of good characters for a life at sea. This important work is carried out in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. The *Arethusa* has the proud record of having trained some 11,100 poor boys for entry into the Royal and Merchant Navies. Another branch of this Society is the Newport Market Army Bands School which has trained poor boys, most of whom are the sons of soldiers, for entry into Army Bands. Apart from this work, the Society maintains and trains boys for civil employment, and girls for domestic service. Donations and legacies are most urgently needed and readers of THE SPHERE are reminded that no door-to-door collectors are engaged, so will readers please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.


"Say when ...."
SODA
PLEASE KEEP THIS SYPHON IN A COOL
Sss...ch...weppe ss

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Hotels on the Sussex Seaboard Sheltered by the South Downs

FOR a week-end or longer of restful comfort there is much to be said for the Maginot Line of the South Downs which has from time immemorial provided that Sussex seaboard which stretches from Eastbourne to Selsey Bill with an almost impregnable defence from the north.

Those who traversed at Christmas any of those main coastal roads which dissect the South Downs will recall the icy roads, frozen window screens, and that low-hanging mist which enveloped the countryside until suddenly, as one breasted the Downs, blue skies and hot sunshine were experienced.

Yet those who live within sight of the South Downs and in sound of the sea know that immunity from fog and a bright warm sun are the rule and not the exception in winter months.

It was at the western end of these South Downs that I was able on a recent Saturday to refresh my memory and my lungs, and for my headquarters I chose, with a set purpose, the Ship Hotel in North Street, Chichester. I visited it soon after its launching in the early part of last year and I now wished to be satisfied that that early promise of good living had been fulfilled.

I learned that, like every other new enterprise, changes of staff and certain minor reorganisations had become necessary in the light of experience. But it did not take me long to discover that the Ship which is now being piloted by Mr. and Mrs. A. Gispert (who will be remembered by name at the Digby Hotel, Sherborne) is now running smoothly under full canvas.

Whilst the inference to Chichester harbour is clear in the name of this hotel, I am not at all sure that a more apt nomenclature would have been one which would have linked up with its Georgian associations, Chichester as an ecclesiastical centre, or Chichester as a headquarters for the neighbouring Down land.

But fame is of infinitely more importance than a name, and I believe that those who may visit the Ship at Chichester will pass on the news that here there is all that charm of modern comfort which makes for restful living.

I lunched simply, but well, in a dining-room which would have seemed bright on the dullest day, though on this Saturday the sun was so strong that I had to request the curtain to be drawn.

Upstairs, the twenty-six bedrooms are named after clipper ships, and whether you sleep in the Tamar, the Salamis, the Hesperus, or in any of the twenty-three other rooms you will note the restful colour schemes, and the lights in essentially the right places, and it will not be long before you discover that the beds compete with the deep-seated chairs in the lounge.

Here at this headquarters of comfort there is plenty of choice for daily expeditions.

In the days of motoring one tended to rush through Chichester or use the by-pass. To-day, there is more leisure to explore Chichester itself. Around are acres of water embracing the many creeks and waterways of Chichester harbour.

You have heard of Bosham, of course, but there are lesser-known places with enticing names. Chichester, too, is a centre for the Witterings, Bracklesham and Selsey.

Maybe you are contemplating a summer seaside holiday at one or other of these places, and whilst at this time of the year the Ship at Chichester can be used as headquarters and for investigation, the Marine Hotel at Selsey and the Shore Hotel at East Wittering may prove your solution for summer needs.

From Chichester I wandered on to Bognor Regis, a place peculiarly lacking in character, but Bognor sands and sunshine and the old-fashionedness of the Royal Norfolk Hotel makes up for Bognor's deficiencies as a town.

There are many who will appreciate the way in which the Royal Norfolk clings to the past, yet provides the essential needs of modern days. Everything and everybody at the Royal Norfolk has a history. And here there is a pedigree stamp of solid comfort which has ever made the hotel a headquarters as a winter refuge.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. F. R., Kent.—I certainly shall be pleased to help you as regards the important matter of your honeymoon. The place which I feel would admirably suit your requirements is Shelleys at Lewes. Apart from the hotel, it would appeal to you, as it is an easy 8-mile run to Brighton and only 12 miles to Eastbourne, so you have a choice of two places should you want any entertainment. Even in the black-out the run from Brighton is quite easy.

G. D., Esher.—Your letter was an interesting one to me, for it has made me put on my thinking cap. One hotel which I have in mind for you, and which would seem to provide all that you require is the Oakeley Arms Hotel, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Tan-y-Bwlch, Wales, or another good suggestion would be the Arundell Arms Hotel, Lifton, Devon.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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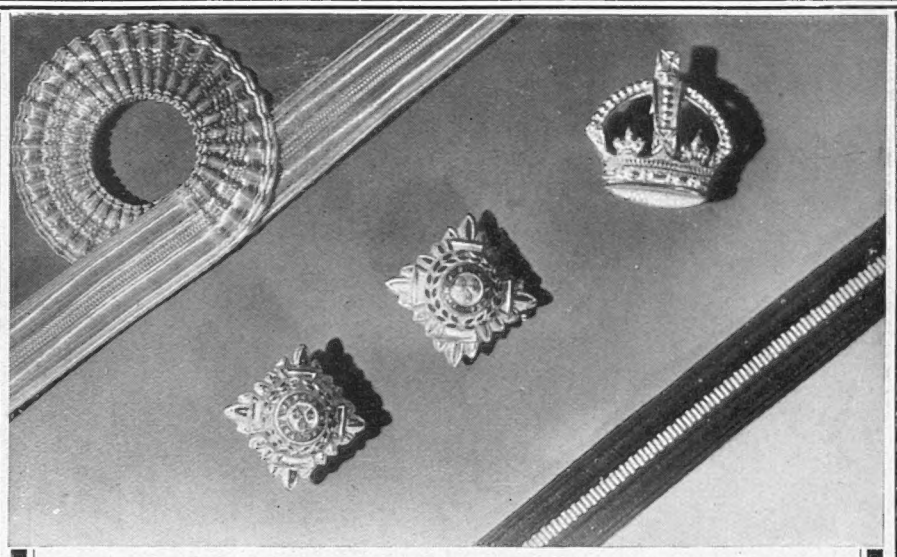

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Spring comes early to the Devon coast . . . and at the Maer Bay Hotel, on the sunny Exe estuary, a welcome to good living awaits you. Situated in a magnificent position facing due south, and overlooking the sea, the Maer Bay Hotel, with its first-class service, cuisine and comfort, provides the perfect winter venue. Golf, Tennis, Riding, Fishing. Fully licensed. A.C. and R.A.C.

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GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Churston Ferrers (S. Devon).—Lupton Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.****
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Pulborough (Sussex).—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

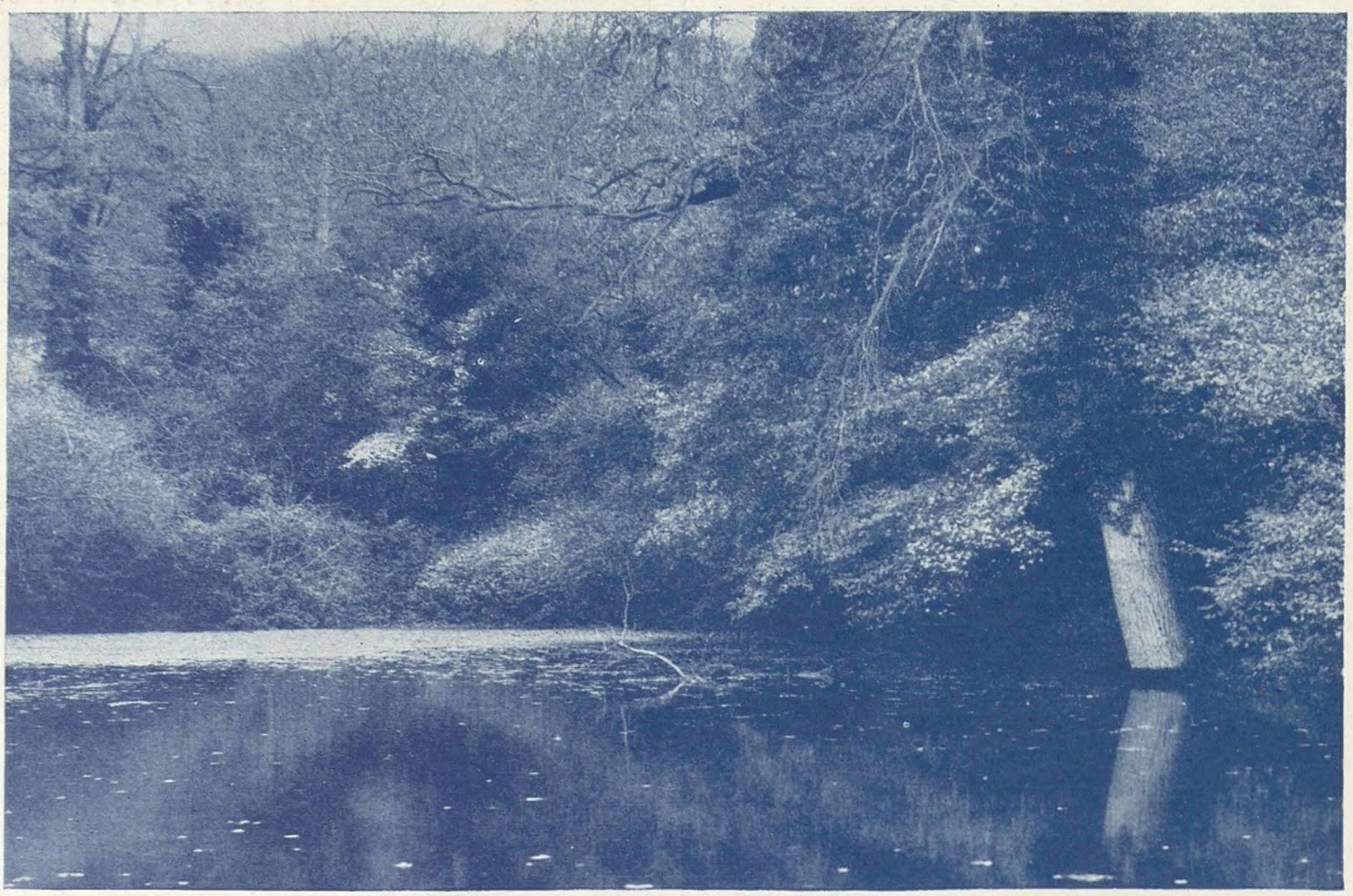
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.



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Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business.

A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine, "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

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